

THE FRIEND OF ARMENIA

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And Helpers in the Relief of Distress among Syrians and other Sufferers in the Near East."

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ARMENIAN WOMEN AND GIRLS AT BRUMANA LEARNING THE EMBROIDERY WORK.

FRIENDS OF ARMENIA

And Helpers in the Relief of Distress among Syrians and other Sufferers in the Near East.

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Friend of Armenia.

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Dear Friends,

Armenia calls for a nation to protect her, and the call remains unanswered. How one longs to know that she is emerging from her long night of sorrow, but the dawn of the new day is yet hidden from us. The condition of the Near East continues to baffle those who would so gladly come to her rescue, and the work of reconstruction becomes more and more complicated. Reports and letters tell the same story of privation and suffering, and the following message just received by us will explain the state of desolation and hopelessness into which these unhappy people is plunged:—"Financial aid is needed immediately. If the Armenians are to be saved at all they must be saved NOW." In the face of such a strong appeal, it is necessary we should ask further help from those who have so long and so readily responded to the cry of this long suffering nation.

A report from the Caucasus to the Armenian Bureau describes the extent of starvation to which masses of Armenian people are subjected in various areas within the frontiers of the New Republic. It is a common thing to see hungry women and children wandering in the fields in search of roots and herbs to supplement their scanty rations of food. Not only starvation, but fighting also continues, first around one town, then another, until the whole country is filled with sorrow and sighing. Starvation here—disease there—is Armenia's lot.

Another winter is fast approaching, and with it further suffering. For houses—where any remain—have no windows, fields yield little, if any, harvest, and the cries of the children are weak from lack of food. At Aleppo, recently visited by Miss Annie Davies, thousands of refugees are stranded under terrible conditions. The American Relief workers at this station are doing their utmost to combat the disease which is rife, and thus relieve the situation. The orphans here number 1,320; added to this are numbers of refugee women, and mothers with their children. What an influx of humanity cast on the care of anyone who will trouble about them. As we think of these masses of human life with so little of material joys to brighten them, we can thank God for the noble men and women who have left homes and loved ones in order to raise up and care for these defenceless people. Our efforts to help are greatly encouraged by the faithfulness of our representatives, and we must not neglect the opportunity offered us of rescuing the children, as well as lightening the burdens of the older refugees. For present opportunities unheeded may leave an everlasting regret.

Miss Burgess, after her many years of devoted labour among the Armenians at Constantinople, is now home in England on furlough, where her many friends are happy to welcome her once again. It is a source of relief to know that Miss Frearson has, through the kindness of the British Syrian Mission, been able

to settle her orphans in Shimlan, a few miles out of Beyrout. Miss Frearson accompanied Miss Davies to Aleppo, and is hoping that funds will be sent her to enable 300 orphans to be brought down from Aleppo into her new Orphanage. Shall we have to disappoint her and say "NO" to her pathetic appeal?

From Marash we receive little news, but an attempt to reach that city and bring Miss Salmond to the coast, en route for England, was made by Miss Davies. Letters on page will give more details of this effort. Though Miss Davies could not get further than Aleppo, we are still hopeful that other friends may be enabled to perform this loving task. In this respect our gratitude is due to Major Nicol of the A.C.R.N.E. for kind assistance rendered, and to whom £200 has been forwarded for Miss Salmond's travelling expenses.

Latest information regarding Miss Davies is that feeling the call for help at Adana to be so urgent, she is attempting to reach this scene of disaster. Dr. Chambers says she is badly needed there, so she has gone forth into the thick of the fighting, full of faith and confidence that she will be protected and reach Adana in safety. The presence of the missionaries at such a time as this must be an untold blessing. The near presence of a friend when in deep sorrow means so much. How much more must the loving sympathy of the workers mean to this afflicted race! Mrs. Eby, writing of the orphans after her return to Hadjin, says:—"Our orphans are such dear little folk. It seems we never had such lovely children before. Many come from such good parentage which makes a difference. They have already wrapped themselves completely round our hearts." Later information grieves us, for it reports that those who held the fort at Hadjin, and who had just rebuilt the waste places, have been deported. Mr. and Mrs. Eby and Miss Bredemus are safe at Cyprus, after passing through similar experience to that which Miss Frearson endured at Aintab. An account of the evacuation at Hadjin will be found on page.

The Armenians are putting forth every effort to restore their industries, and obtain as much produce from the soil as possible. But without agricultural implements this is no easy task. In some places men and women have harnessed THEMSELVES to the plough. What more could they do?

At Brumana Miss Cunningham continues her faithful work of training the Armenian and Syrian women to become "good workers" in order partially to support themselves. Work is the greatest need among the new refugees now installed at Brumana, and orders for the beautiful needlework will be very welcome. Friends will, we know, understand that, with the greatly increased cost of Linen, Thread and other materials, the prices of the goods now being received are, of necessity, much increased, so that our charges for them are higher than those obtained from the Port

Said Camp. It is most important to keep the Industrial Branch of the work before our readers, for did we not employ these women, it would mean that they must starve. They have no other means of helping themselves.

To be physically hungry is painful; to be hungry and ill-clad is worse; but to be hungry, naked, and without a shelter, means a depth of human misery which words fail to describe. This is the lot of the majority of Armenians in the Near East, and it is

because of this we are compelled again to turn to our good supporters and friends, knowing that their love for sorrowing Armenia will impel them to help us during the trying winter months to "clothe the naked, feed the hungry, and tend the sick." Therefore we trust that in the multiplicity of appeals this cry of a dying people may not be heard in vain.

Yours gratefully,

MARGARET RUSSELL.



A GROUP OF NEEDY ARMENIANS.

The Story of Aintab Siege.

By MISS FREARSON.

[This information is only just to hand, and although the incidents referred to happened in April, it will interest many friends of Miss Frearson, so the report is being printed just as received.—Ed.]

Received September 4th.

Very soon after the French came to Aintab a boycott against Christians began. We heard of bands of Chettas (Nationalist soldiers) roaming around and living in the villages.

On the 23rd of January a French soldier who had gone to the market to buy something, expostulated on being overcharged by the Turkish shopkeeper. Very soon a crowd gathered and among them some Armenians. As soon as they were seen knives were produced, and both the Frenchmen and Armenians were wounded. From that day on things got worse.

The poorer Armenians who had not been able to buy provisions for the winter got desperate in their need, and would venture into the Turkish quarter, where alone wheat and cereals which form the staple food of the country are sold, never to be seen again alive, or completely lost, or their dead bodies would be found some days later thrown on the edge of the Christian quarter. During these days Turks living in or near the Christian part of the city left their homes and went to where the Moslems live. This caused anxious fear

to Armenians, and they began to move into their own quarter. Houses were crowded and rooms which had only been large enough for a family had to shelter sixty or seventy. Just at this time there was an epidemic of Spanish fever which added to the misery and death rate. The Turks began to destroy the empty houses left by Armenians, and although Dr. Merrill repeatedly asked the Mutisariiff that this be forbidden, still the work of destruction went on, and I saw the soldiers themselves helping in the destruction.

Drs. Merrill and Shepard repeatedly visited the Mutisariiff, asking that something be done to relieve the situation, but without result. The Mutisariiff always trying to get off responsibility by saying he had no control over the Chettas, yet when later Dr. Shepard, wanting to make it possible for food to be brought into Aintab by the American Relief, asked him if he could do anything to help him to get to Killis, he answered that if he would give him two days notice, he would guarantee him a safe journey to Killis. Evidently without thinking he shewed how MUCH control he had over the Chettas. Four Armenians who had come to Aintab just before things got bad asked at the government office if it was safe for them to go to their village (they had come with loads for a rich Turk), and were told Yes if they took a Turk along with them. They did so, and had to pay a sum out of all reason to get him. They had not gone far until he asked them to wait for him; he had forgotten to bring his food and must return for it. Later a wounded Turk was brought to the Hospital,

and, astonished at the kindness he received while there, before he left he confessed that these men had been killed, that word had been sent them they were to be at a certain place ready for this work!

All this time the Armenians were most careful not to do anything that would in any way annoy the Turks. Those without food would now and again, always hoping that they might be successful, go into the Turkish quarter, but there was no return for them.

During these days we knew that we were shut in Aintab, and that no one could get in or out, and the bodies of the two Y.M.C.A. secretaries and the two Syrians who were with them, being American, were brought into Aintab, and the face of one of the Americans was so riddled with bullet holes that recognition was impossible, which did not help to brighten our outlook. The whole winter was passed in fear and distress for no work was to be found, no Christian could open their shop, all houses were crowded, sickness was rife.

An American gentleman had opened a Y.M.C.A. for all nationalities on the edge of the Christian quarter, then gone to do the same in Marash where he was held up through the awful massacre of February last. A young man was left in charge who had been trained in the British Army, and he, seeing how things were shaping, thought it well to very secretly train some of the men and have them watch in certain quarters during the night. He also called an old priest who had been the means of saving a village from massacre in 1895, and under the ground this priest was busy making gunpowder and other things necessary, but all was done so secretly that VERY few people were aware of it. All through the winter the French troops had a VERY hard time. They had only a small force, provisions were scarce, and the winter unusually severe. The Turks tried in many ways to get the Armenians to join them in turning the French out of Aintab, promising them plenty of food, freedom, equal rights with themselves, etc., etc., but never once did the Armenians give them any encouragement.

On the 28th March three thousand seven hundred soldiers, with cannon, etc., to our great relief, came into the city. We had heard them bombarding villages for two days, so knew they were coming, and thought that our siege of 66 days was at an end, but to our astonishment they left again on the evening of the 31st, and we heard that they had merely brought food, and had never intended doing anything to relieve the situation. Early the following morning, the 1st April, shots were heard from the Moslem part of the city, which were quickly followed by others. Four youths who, to earn bread, had been piling stones on to a low wall around the field belonging to the Orphanage, ran inside looking very scared. In the distance we could hear the boom of the outgoing cannons, and we thought they had something to do with the shots. Looking from my windows I saw men running towards the Government guard house, from where they were given rifles and axes; as soon as they got them they hurried away and others took their place. This went on practically all day, for every time I looked out I saw the same sight. In a little while I noticed a crowd coming in the direction of the Orphanage, and seeing that the Americans had their flag on their institutions, I put the Star and Stripes for the property as it belongs to the Mission, and the Union Jack seeing I was the

directress. Our man had drawn the heavy beams that are the bolts and gone inside. Soon the crowd reached the door and began to bang and shout, so I went asking them what they wanted. They ordered me to open the door, when I said "No"; they asked for water, and I said that they all knew that they could get water a short distance off. They again ordered me to open the door. I told them that they all knew it was a girl's orphanage and so harem, and according to their own law men were not allowed to enter, and I told them I would not open. A man then said "You refuse to do service for soldiers? Then let me tell you we are out to butcher all the Armenian filth. We will come here first of all and kill you, everyone, and burn the whole place down." I called out to him asking him if he was not afraid to say such words; did not he remember that God was listening and would call him to account for such threats; he knew, and all of them did, that I had never mixed with either military or anything political all the years I had been in the country. I had visited in their homes and been visited by their ladies, why should they now want to come inside when they knew it was against their own ideas of what was proper!

They then called out that they had come from the Governor, and in his name had to take possession. I asked them could any Turkish Governor take possession of any place flying the flags they saw? They then went away. A little while later, hearing our dog barking furiously, I went into the yard and saw a man had climbed the high wall. He asked me civilly to open the door and give the men water. I asked him why, with plenty near at hand, should they come to us? He said, "Would you like me to send you a gendarme or two?" I answered, "If you have the power to send me a gendarme you have the power to keep the rabble away, and if you will I shall be grateful and ask for nothing more for God can and will protect us." With that he left, but before very long a bigger and noisier crowd came, and I recognised the voices of the first lot with them. They began to bang the door, so that I felt it was useless trying to keep them out any longer, and so drew the heavy beams a little way so that I could see them. At once an evil looking man put his head through, and then his shoulder, and soon had the door wide open, when instantly fifty men rushed in.

I asked them what they wanted; they said that they were going to search the whole place, and divided into three or four parties. Seeing the first man looked such a scamp, thought it best to keep with him and his lot, so when he led the way round to the back of the house I followed, telling him that they might as well save their time, for they would not find we had anything we ought not to have. My fear was that he would do what so many of them have done other times, place something that ought not to be found and then say he had found it. First he went through every outbuilding most carefully, then into the house, and when he began looking through rooms that other men had searched our boys' teacher told him; but he answered, "The Governor sent T. M. C. (meaning himself) and he is going to do his work properly." In the storeroom he put his arm and dirty sleeve into our cooking oil, then into flour and rice. When we got near to my rooms I told him that they were my private rooms and absolutely nothing forbidden in them, but he would not be put off. He went through

every drawer, cupboard and box there, and was even taking my bed to pieces to see nothing was hidden. A locked box was smashed open, although I told him it only contained personal clothing. When at last he had seen nothing he could object to, he said, "Now I take possession of this place in the name of the Governor and we will do what we like." He and the other men got all the ladders, short and long, and placed them against the wall, sat on them overlooking it, and kept up a constant fire on the houses on the opposite hill, the hospital and city orphanage coming in for their share. On going to look out from my window on second storey, I found the low wall, that I had been giving food to four youths to, while building it, being used as a Turkish trench from which our friends were being fired upon, and it made me feel bad!

About dusk the Turk came, saying that we had a man hidden, and he was going to search the house again, and in spite of all that I could say, he went through the same thing again, only the darkness made it more horrible, and one was wondering the whole time what was behind it. After the second search the firing from our yard and field went on furiously for an hour or two; there must have been several hundred shots per minute; the men outside were only a foot or so apart, and both east and west of the wall.

About midnight M— came to the door saying that the Governor had sent for him to do some work on the other side of the city, so because he had to go he would take the men and we might close our doors. No one can describe the relief it was to get our door shut and barred, and I readily went and did it; then upstairs again to watch (there was a moon); I wanted to make sure that the men really got away.

After about half an hour I was startled to see two heads constantly popping up as though they were peering round. I hurried downstairs to the boys' teacher (one of our old boys who had been the greatest help to me throughout the day) and told him that the men had not all gone. But to my surprise he said, "It must be our man and one of the youths who was working in the field, for although they told you they were missing since noon, they turned up again and have been hiding." I could but think of the danger we should have been in had they been found when M— was searching in the evening, and while I was so confidently affirming that we had no man but the teacher about the place, little did I think our servant was hidden. K., our teacher, said, "Let him go and take the other frightened youth with him; they will only be an extra care to you if they stay," and I felt the same, so went upstairs to watch once more, and after a while saw them outside the door. Next morning, on looking across what we called No Man's Land, I saw a dark object lying, and was much afraid it was one of our men; only seven days later did we learn that he finally got safely to his home, and the dark object was a horse belonging to the French that had been shot.

No one but those who have gone through it can understand our feelings next morning when we had no one but ourselves inside the doors. The children had been huddled together on the first floor, for the second storey was not safe, bullets frequently striking the windows, yet I felt convinced that I must watch carefully the whole time, and sitting as far from the windows as possible with my field glasses to my eyes.

I watched for all I could see during those seven long days and nights, the only time I relaxed was during the dark, just before the moon rose, which was a little longer each evening, and during that time I did lie down on the couch; and during those short rest spells my thoughts would travel to the days when talking with our Officers and begging the Christians might not be left to the mercy of the Turks. Some of them would laughingly ask me if I thought that the Turks would ever again attempt a massacre!!! and I decided that if ever I got to have any position of responsibility and had to decide anything in regard to the safety of others, etc., it would be my first aim to go to those who, for nearly a quarter of a century, had lived in close contact with both Christian and Moslem, and ask them rather than rely on the word of a few officers who had not spent more than a few months in the place; and how I wished that some of those who were most sure nothing would happen could have been obliged to spend their winter in the same circumstances that we had done.

All day on the second of April I anxiously watched the doors and windows of all American homes and institutions, but never a sign of life did I see; and the following day even the doors were hidden behind what looked like walls which turned out to be such, as well as the windows being filled with bags of soil; but it was well for our peace of mind that we could not see them. We did not have a long time of quiet though, if such it could be called with hundreds of shots being fired every minute in the city; for about ten o'clock another gang began to come our way and demanded admittance. K., our teacher, came and tried to appeal to their better natures, telling them how frightened the children had been the previous day, and how the house had been searched again and again and nothing found, etc., etc. While talking another one came, a young Kurd. He asked what was the matter and I told him; he turned to the men and said, "Have you not heard that the Governor was well satisfied with yesterday's search of this building and said nothing more was to be done; off with you all." He himself led them to the door, then closed it behind them, and came in and chatted with us quite freely, saying he had never known anything bad of the Armenians and could not understand why they should always be set on. He was surprised that K. kept on with his teaching and said that had he himself been in K's place he would have hidden. K. asked why a man should hide when he had done nothing wrong; if he was to be killed was it not better to be doing his duty to the last. This seemed to make a great impression on him, and he said, "I cannot understand you. I suppose you know you are in great danger?" K. answered, "Yes, but we have a great God to protect us." He left us and again we had quiet. A little after noon three gendarmes came, saying that in response to my request they had been sent. I told them I had made no request (the gendarmes had during other massacres been the worst of anybody in killing and looting, so their presence did not encourage us). The chief man said, "If you don't want us there is plenty of work to be done elsewhere." On second thoughts I said, "Possibly one of the American gentlemen may have asked the Mutisariff to send you, so you had better stay." I soon found that it was to keep the position they had given up the previous night

that they had been sent, for in a short time the wall around the field was again occupied, as well as our yard, and again the firing began from our own premises on to our friends across the way. I had taken the flags down though, determined that our friends should not be fired on from under the cover of the Union Jack. When evening came two of the gendarmes were changed, and they asked for a note to Dr. Merrill saying that we were all well. (He never got it, but when later complaints were made this was mentioned as a proof that they had protected me, and in my gratitude I had written thanking the Mutisariff!)

The days were bad enough, but the nights awful, for the heaviest attacks were always in the night. One of the gendarmes, who seemed kinder than the others, told me that the Armenian filth had sided with the French, so the Government had decided to finish both off together. I dare not ask him how many had been killed, for I felt sure he would make a lot more, and yet one wanted to know.

Easter Sunday will never be effaced from our memories! The firing was fearful. I saw smoke rising in the Christian quarter, also the Turks looting houses, and about five o'clock a cannon; but that, although it drove our gendarmes furious because they thought the French were helping the Armenians, still it helped to quiet things. (We learned later that it was a small cannon the Armenians had made themselves; the noise it made was awful, although it did not do much else.)

Things went on from day to day the same, or worse, until the sixth, when in the evening, to my great joy, I received a note from Dr. Shepard by the changing gendarme. He wanted to know of our welfare, and said he hoped that at least an armistice would be arranged and that he might get up to us next day.

In the afternoon of the following Drs. Merrill, Shepard, Mutisariff, Comdt., gendarmes and Skheik Eff came; there had been no firing from any place excepting our hill. The three Turks did all they could to prevent, without its being noticed, any private conversation between the two Doctors and myself. When they heard Dr. Merrill saying that the ladies were very anxious about us, and wanted us to get down to the city if possible, the Mutisariff begged hard that we would do no such thing, it would give such a bad impression he said, just when we are trying to establish peace. He also asked me if I had not noticed that there had not been a single shot from the Turks. I told him that after Dr. Shepard's note I had expected quiet, but that from our hill alone in one quarter of an hour I had counted forty-nine shots. He tried to persuade me they were all Armenian, but I told him I knew whose they were. That evening and night we worked hard arranging household affairs and putting things ready to take for Dr. M.; he said food was scarce; also we knew we must take bedding of some kind, so arranged to have the children dress in double suits and in that way get their clothes down; then to all the older ones we assigned a thick quilt that they could use as both bed and covering, and also a bag of cereal to every child, and more to some. After everything was ready the three hours we had to wait looked the longest I had ever spent; but finally, about three in the afternoon, they came as on the previous day, with the exception of the Mutisariff. Dr. Shepard left as soon as he knew we were ready with the Comdt., and told us we were to wait for a white flag shewn

from the Government guard house, then to lose no time in getting down the hill. As soon as the flag was seen we left our building, Dr. Merrill leading the way, I bringing up the rear. I was told to see that no one lagged behind for fear of shots, but there was no fear of that; the children who found they could not keep up and carry their bags left them on the way and kept on, so that when we reached the Christian lines on our way to the hospital, I had three quilts over my shoulder and four bags of cereals in my hands that I had picked up, the older children having even more.

The Armenians took down their barricades and rushed forward to take our loads from us, with tears and smiles, and soon we were taken to the clinic building given by an English lady, Miss Marston, which for a little while was to be our home. During the week we had been cut off from everyone else. The children had been very good, but as soon as we got into a place of safety they had a good cry to relieve their overcharged feelings.

We were supposed to be having armistice, but that night expecting that I would be able to undress for the first time that month and have a good sleep, when I went to the clinic building after having had supper at the Doctor's house, I was thankful to slip down and pillow my head on a girl's body for the bullets were coming so rapidly through the windows, the lower parts being sandbagged while the children were flat; there was no danger, but it was impossible to cross the room to get to the small one appointed for my use, and it was not until dawn of next morning that I could change my place and go to my room. I had not been in bed many minutes when a loud crash and strong smell of powder made me look round, and I found that one of the large stones put in lieu of sandbags had been shattered, and the bullet was lying close to my pillow. The room was small, but I decided I would try and get further away from the window and get it filled with sandbags.

We naturally were eager to know what had begun the firing, and later heard that a Moslem, whose heart revolted against another massacre, and who the day it began came into the Christian quarter, and in spite of every attempt to get him by the Turks he would not go, even asking the French O.C. to kill him himself rather than send him into the Turkish lines, told that a massacre had been planned for the second of April. The Chettas were told they must secrete themselves, a few of them in the Armenian quarter, on the evening of the first, wait for three rifle shots on the morning of the second, then as quickly and quietly kill as many as possible. On the morning of the first a prisoner escaped, his warder fired at him, a French soldier who was in the market thought the shot was meant for him, so he fired, and the man he fired at fired back, thus making the three which was to be the signal. The Chettas, thinking it was to be a day sooner, began their work; those who had not got their arms hurrying to Government for them, as I had seen and described above.

The Armenians who had been trained in the British Army, quickly got barricades up and was helped by an American Officer who at that time was doing relief work in Aintab. In this way the Armenians defended themselves, but never once did they do more than that. The Turk who now calls himself a Christian had also told Dr. Shepard that the plan was to take the Girls

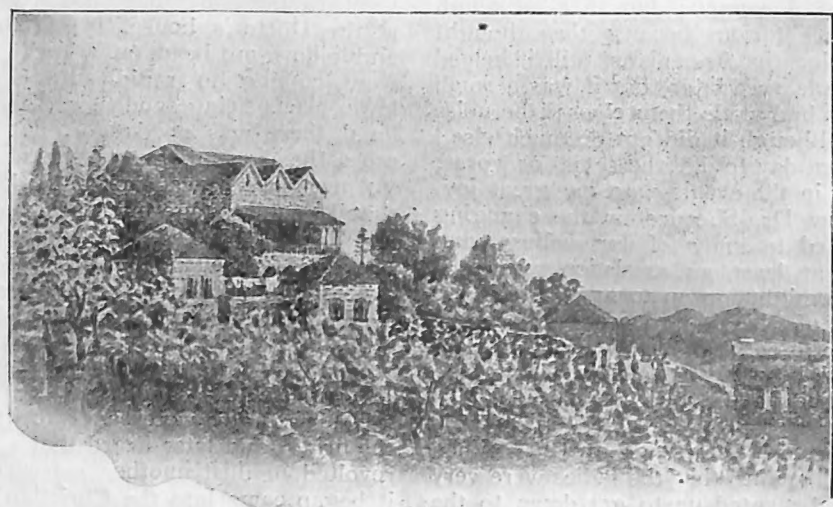
School and hospital so as to cut off the Armenians from the French. These two places were used as places of shelter to a great many. I learned that shot guns and every kind counted in; the Armenians had only one hundred and fifty rifles. They made their own gunpowder, hand grenades, cartridges, etc., and really managed the impossible, their coolness and bravery were marvellous.

The biggest difficulty was the food. All the food was managed by a Committee, and each grown person only allowed one hundred and seventy-five drahms with three pieces of flat bread for four days. As the days went by the Turks thought of other ways, and began to burn houses, so a fire brigade had to be formed; in this the women worked magnificently, even children helping.

Then the French made the Armenians destroy and also burn some of the Turks' houses. We could not quite understand why they should always have to do that kind of work, for by this time, French soldiers were helping at some of the barricades; but so it was. Only we who were there KNOW that they did not do

soup kitchen and many other things) the station told me they wanted me to get back, but for the present I could help most by getting the children out.

The first party of children under my care were a little over nine hundred. With us were two of the Aintab young lady workers, and not knowing much Turkish, also the Director of the relief in the interior, and two of his helpers who had charge of the motor cars. We left in the night, about nine o'clock, with the French Convoy; along with us there was also about three thousand of the poor refugees who had been stranded at Aintab. Some walked the whole night through, but after that it was change and change about, in the waggons. On the way, although we had the Cavalry scouting on both sides and three thousand soldiers with us, cannons and everything else we had to hurriedly leave a place we had expected to eat breakfast in, and get on the road again; then later the cannons were formed in line and a heavy bombardment took place. We reached Killis about noon of the third day, and although the dear relief workers had come from Aleppo to meet and prepare for our needs, we had a



SHIMLAN SCHOOL. A FEW MILES NORTH OF BEYROUT.

KINDLY LENT
BY THE
BRITISH SYRIAN
MISSION.

it of their own freewill.

On the twenty-ninth of April the Turks began with cannon, and the second shell went through three storeys in Dr. Hamilton's house, killing one young man, and seriously injuring another. We had to leave our clinic building and were received into the girls' school, where there were then over four hundred orphans and many refugees. The little ones were put into the cellar, as many as possible on the ground floor, the rest with Miss Foreman and self on second floor, and every time the cannon was fired during the nights, we had to hurriedly get the children and take them downstairs, where there was scarcely standing room and wait until the attack was over.

This went on until the twenty-fourth of May when word was brought by aeroplane that we had better plan to get the children out, and some of the American relief workers would come to help. A station meeting was called, and it was voted that I was the most suitable one to take the children knowing Beyrout, a little Arabic, etc., so although I felt my place was in Aintab (there was so much to do, I had charge of a

time not to be forgotten there. Prices went up four-fold. After three days wait there we started early in the morning for Katma, the railway station.

Dr. Lambert, the Director, took the sick ones, a Nurse and I in his car, and we went on ahead thinking the road safer than the one on the other side of Killis. Bullets came close to the car several times but no one was hurt, but we had a disagreeable surprise at Aziz, a little Arab village, which on that day was flying a big flag. We were held up, and in spite of Dr. Lambert's assurance that he had a written statement that the Vali of Aleppo had given him saying he might take the Armenians through, and if necessary, they might stay a week on their way to Beyrout. Still the man said that unless they had Turkish passports they could not go, for he had his orders from the military Governor, not the civil. The old Turkish way of getting round a matter I thought. Dr. Lambert told him he was changed if he was willing to accept a Turkish passport, for only a short time before he had said "Nothing Turkish will be accepted."

After waiting some time while the Officer was sup-

posed to be trying to get through to Aleppo on the telephone, Dr. Lambert told his chauffeur to go on, and we did. When we got to Katma we went to see the Chief Officer there; he said the same thing and promised to telephone about it, then later said the connection was cut. Dr. Lambert told me that when the convoy reached Katma they would simply come straight on, but we waited and waited, then finally he went back to see what the trouble was, and found both French convoy and all the refugees, orphans, etc., held up by the Arabs. We waited at the station and employed ourselves by sweeping the trucks that we were to have and wondering whether we would really get away in them. One dreaded to think what would happen if they were not allowed to come through, but about five in the evening we saw them coming. When we got to Aleppo the Armenians sent some young men to ask me what kind of food would we like best, for they wanted to give it to us for the journey, but as soon as they put their feet on the platform the soldiers there ran at them, and with blows and kicks sent them away.

When I asked why they were being treated so, I was told if I did not keep my head inside and my mouth shut they would do the same to me. The doors were closely shut, and although we had sick children and all wanted water, no pleading got the doors open, until after dark, then they ordered us to keep them wide open all night which I refused to do with so many soldiers about. In the morning all was changed. People might come, and we were allowed to get out on to the platform. Our waggons were linked on to the ordinary train and we set out for Beyrout.

When we got to Rayak, the junction, only six waggons could be given us, so we had to go in three sets. I got off with the first, my children and some refugee women.

We were met at Beyrout, which we reached at midnight by the A.C.R.N.E. staff, who vied with each other what they could do to help us. We were taken to the quarantine where a large piece of land had been given for our use, and over one hundred tents with four large marquees put on it. As soon as we reached there cocoa was supplied for each child, also a blanket; then I saw everyone roll themselves in them and prepare for sleep. Those who had so kindly met us and refreshed us with hot cocoa and myself then took possession of the marquee that was ready for sick ones, and when the other parties came we arose and gave them cocoa. It was daylight when the last lot got in.

We had a very busy week getting settled and arranging things. On the Sunday afternoon Mr. Spital, the English Clergyman in Beyrout, came to see me, and having heard a good deal about "Ainanoub," I asked him if it was possible for us to have it. He made it very plain that because of certain clauses in the property deed it was not possible to use it for anything but the purpose specified; but next day I received a very kind note from Miss Johnstone, the lady in charge of the B.S.M., and later in the day she came out to the camp and took me back with her to shew me a building that belonged to them, that we might have if it would hold us. It looked so fine and large that, knowing the bathing difficulties at the camp, I asked if we might be allowed to take the eighty scabies cases belonging to Miss Barker's

orphanage, and was given a ready assent. Next morning a truck from the A.C.R.N.E. was sent for us at five a.m. Twenty girls with brooms, pails, etc. and I went in, and by noon our whole family were there, the scabies coming later.

The latter are well, and have gone to their permanent quarters on the lower part of the Lebanon, while we expect to go higher up than they, to Shimlan, sometime before the summer is quite over. Nothing can exceed the kindness we have received from all the ladies of the B.S.M.

In addition to the orphanage work I have been kept busy helping those who want to get to America. Their difficulties, poor things, have been many; not knowing the language, being deceived, and losing money by those who have professed to help them. Money that has been sent through the Imperial Ottoman Bank, paying them only one quarter of what was sent.

The fee for the Consular visa was raised in a few hours from half a pound to THREE. Going into the Consulate on other business, I found a woman turning out her pockets as though half demented and sobbing as though her heart would break. On asking her what was the matter, she turned and asked if it was an angel speaking to her in her own tongue! I thanked God that, through the kindness of those in the Homeland, it was possible to help her out with the two and a half pounds. Everything else had been provided for ticket, etc. We praise God for all.

Beyrout News.

British Syrian Mission,
Beyrout,

August 17th, 1920.

My dear Miss Russell,

How many times have I wanted to sit down and write you a long letter, but the days do fly past so quickly, and there are so many people here who come asking my help, often it is to do no more than go with them to the Consul's, or some such place, and either speak a word for them or to interpret for them, but it all takes time and strength. How can I ever thank you for all you have done for us, if ONLY you dear friends at home could have the joy of seeing faces brighten, and KNOW that burdens are lightened, it would compensate you for all the trouble you take, and also for those who so graciously give of their substance, but that, the best part comes to me! How often, when I am able, through you and others' self-denial and kindness, to make a poor child's or widow's life brighter, do I wish you were here, to do it yourself.

I wish, too, that I could describe things better, so that you might have a bigger share in the joy, but I pray that the loving Father will Himself shew you the value of your great work. Dear Miss Davies is such a great help. I wish I could write as she does. I have recently opened the packages of clothes, and oh, that you could see the children in them, and I too in mine; what a lovely suit the Heliotrope is! Thank you very much for all.

Miss Davies has, I believe, written you, so I will only say that I accompany her, and I trust we shall be able to be a comfort to the dear ones still in the

interior. This long silence makes me anxious, and if we can get to them we will. The poor things must be worn out with the long strain. I hope later on that I may be able to go back there to stay, for I think when I have got my children settled in their mountain home my helpers will be able to look after them, so that I can set Miss Foreman free. And if it is possible to do it now, I will stay there, and leave them to do the moving themselves. We have already moved twice since we came to Beyrout, and this is only a longer one, involving a train journey, but still, if necessary, they must do it, for the need in Aintab must be great. God has been very gracious and kind to us, that it is our duty to do all that we possibly can to help others in their need now.

I hope next time to be able to give a more detailed account of what your money has done, but on account of having to prepare for the journey, I must stop now.

KITTY FREARSON.

Beyrout,
Sept. 6th, 1920.

My dear Miss Russell,

I have just returned from Aleppo, and was glad to get your letter this morning with enclosed cheque, for which many thanks. Now you will want to know about my journey up to Aleppo, alas, it was only to Aleppo, for getting to Marash is an absolute impossibility at present. I have left letters telling Miss Salmond how hard I tried to get to her, and how sad I was to have to turn back, as I know what it would mean to her to be able to talk things over with me. However, I believe the Lord is planning something better for her. I hear Mr. Lyman is coming down from Marash as soon as the way opens, so I am sending a message to him by a Mr. Woolworth, who goes to take Mr. Lyman's place, asking him to bring down Miss Salmond to Beyrout. I have also seen Major Nicol, and he is more than willing to do everything he can to get Miss Salmond down. Do not be anxious, once the way opens everything will be done for her comfort that can possibly be done. Although I was disappointed at not being able to get to Marash, I am more than thankful I was able to go to Aleppo and see conditions there, and oh, how I longed for a camera. Indeed, it is quite a necessity, for I could do so much to interest friends at home if I could send pictures and their written stories. Aleppo is still the dumping ground for poor Armenian Refugees, and I stayed there for two weeks doing what I could for them. There is a camp of over 700 who have lately left Aintab; these are not Aintab people, but are the remains of the deportees who were gathered there after the Armistice; think of them still wandering about without any homes; several babies were born while I was there; one poor mother showed me her tiny baby a few hours old; while she, poor thing, had only the ground to lie on. I gave her some tinned milk and a wrapper for the baby. Another has just had twins, a tiny boy and girl. I tried to get her into a hospital, but it was impossible, so I did what I could for her; some poor old women are among the number who have no male relatives to care for them; these poor things begged me to find them work which, of course, I was not able to do; their condition is deplorable now, but what will it be when the winter

rains begin, I do not know. Most of them are from Sivas region, and all are planning to return as soon as it is safe. One morning, just as I was leaving, I heard someone cry "Miss Davies" in such an astonished tone, and there I turned and saw a young girl; she had been one of our patients in the Adana hospital, then I had kept her on as our servant. Poor girl, she was deported during the war with her brother and others of the family; all her relatives have been killed or died, and she has absolutely no one in the world. She wanted to come with me to go to Adana, but I dare not take her just now as things are there, but I have her address to keep in touch with her. Another little girl came running to me; she had been in one of the Mission Orphanages; one always feels these have a special claim on us. I would love to have sent you their photos as well as the baby twins. The sanitary arrangements are very bad; one hopes no epidemic will break out. The town is also full of Armenians since the deporting days; several called to see me. One poor man said, "This house you are staying in is very familiar to me, for in there," he said, pointing to a room, "I was hidden with my family for 1½ years during the war." He was hunted for several times, but the kind people with whom he stayed never gave him up. My heart ached for him and for many such who have known no rest for so long; he is now trying to get to America. Then there are 1,320 orphans; these have a small allowance from the French, and the Armenian Committee whose headquarters are, I believe, in Egypt, help them as much as they can, but they are in debt. I had a long talk with Dr. Altounyan about them, and urged him, as soon as things are quieter, to try and scatter them in Mission orphanages where they will have a good training. He urged me to stay in Aleppo and help them with these orphans, but I explained that I must go to Adana.

Many hundreds of these orphan girls have their faces tattooed; this was done during their stay with the Turks and Kurds trying to make them look as much like Moslems as possible. These marks they will carry through life, but what is infinitely worse they will carry other marks which only Christian love and patience will eradicate, for these children have lived in such an atmosphere that has told on them morally. May God use us, His representatives, in this land to bring light and love into these young lives, and may He open the way some day for me to have 300 of these orphans in Adana or Tarsus, to care for and bring up for Him. You see I still have that in my mind; let us see what the future will bring. There seemed to be a tremendous lot to do in Aleppo, but when my two weeks were up, I was anxious to get back to Beyrout, and when I got here there was a letter from Dr. Chambers asking me to get to Adana as soon as possible. I could not get by the usual way, but another road has been opened which is longer and more tiresome, but is safer, so I plan to start from here next Monday, and if I am not able to get letters to you, you will know that it is not possible. I have felt all along I should get there in September, and it is really so. I understand the need there is terrible, so I hope I shall find a way of getting letters out to you to let you know of these needs; just now everything is temporary; nothing can be put on a permanent footing, that is why I long for you not to do

anything but help over the present crisis. There will be more calls for your aid than you will be able to meet when the Americans withdraw, which will be done to a very large extent next Spring. Do not fear overlapping, think of all the places which need help and have none because we are not able to get to them. I still am convinced that there will soon be a more settled condition of things here; do not get disheartened because it is long in coming. I am writing fully now in case I shall be shut in. I need not ask for your prayers; you will hold our hands up and ask for God's keeping and protecting care over us in that dangerous place. Adana is surrounded and there is constantly fighting and bombarding of the city, but knowing this call is from God I can trust to His care. I just want Him to fulfil His will through me. Please pray that this may be so.

I shall have plenty to write about from Adana if only I can get the letters out. You still may see Miss Salmond before I do; if so, give her much love; ask her to write me of anything she has in Marash she would like me to see to for her later on. What a meeting we shall have in the Heavenly Land with all our troubles past, and we shall be able to serve our Saviour perfectly, without sin. How lovely to think of it! Please thank Mr. Brooks for his nice letter. I will write from Adana to him if possible. I nearly forgot to tell you that I gave the cheque for £100 to the Armenian Committee in Aleppo to be spent in caring for the 170 children taken from the Refugee Camp to the orphanages, so you can tell the "Save the Children Fund" what it was given for. It certainly was spent in saving children, so it was rightly named; they are homeless, none of them have fathers, and many with sick mothers. So many of the women had literally dry breasts, no milk for their babies; it was to them I gave tinned milk.

Yours very sincerely,
ANNIE DAVIES.

c/o American Press,
Beirut,
Sept. 8th, 1920.

My dear Miss Russell,

I sent the letter by a new missionary who left for Aleppo, and as far further as it is possible to get, on his way to Marash. When he reaches Marash, Mr. Lyman will get out; we hope and trust there will be some way for dear Miss Salmond to come also.

Miss Johnstone is having the needed repairs, or at least, some of them at Shimlan done. The biggest necessity will be a roof on their old woodhouse, so that we can use it as a bath-house. When I was in Aleppo, Dr. A. begged me to take three hundred of the orphans there (they have over thirteen hundred now and pleading applicants every day), for they are in debt and do not know what to do. I promised to make known their need and, IF POSSIBLE, take some as soon as we got settled in our new (third) home.

Miss Davies has received another letter from Dr. Chambers asking for her, so she expects to leave on Monday for Adana. It has been so nice having her near us. To-day I am spending a day in Brumana, and am hoping to get two servants from the rescued women who are in the Friends' School. I hope soon to let you know some of the ways in which your money

has been spent, for it has meant a lot to those who have benefited by it.

KITTY FREARSON.



KINDLY
LENT BY
THE
BRITISH
SYRIAN
MISSION

SHIMLAN CHURCH, ADJOINING THE SCHOOL.

AN APPEAL FROM CILICIA FOR EARNEST PRAYER.

Miss Davies has reached Adana, Cilicia, safely. She writes from that city under date Sept. 24th. "The poor Armenian people are shut in this town like rats in a trap, not able to get out to their vineyards, which have been destroyed by the Kemalists, nor to their fields for ploughing or sowing seeds. Think of the winter that is before us. . . . Are we going to be left in this condition? Will not God's people in England SPEND TIME IN PREVAILING PRAYER that He may deliver this people, and send peace to this war stricken country? Perhaps we have been trusting too much to the help of man, and God would have us look to Him for help. Please appeal for PRAYER in your magazine.

[The "Friends" of the Armenian people, who realise the power of prayer, will, we know, not let the above appeal be printed in vain. Therefore we invite you to unite with the workers, at home and on the field, in supplication for speedy deliverance of the Armenian people from their present awful condition.—Ed.]

A REQUEST FOR LITERATURE.

Miss Davies is most anxious to be able to pass on good, wholesome literature to the native workers—Pastors, Bible Women, etc. Will friends kindly send any periodicals, magazines, etc., for which they have no further use to

MISS DAVIES,
c/o MR. WILSON,
AMERICAN MISSION,
MERSINE, CILICIA, ASIA MINOR.

The *Life of Faith*, The *Christian*, The *Nursing Mirror*, and similar periodicals, will be gladly welcomed and very useful.

Constantinople News.

Friends Mission,
Constantinople,
July 24th, 1920.

Dear Mr. Brooks,

It is a long time since we wrote to each other on matters of Relief work. You must have felt it strange that I did not give an account of myself, and my doing before this. The fact is that I have been a good deal overworked and could not grapple with all the things on hand as promptly as I would have liked to do. . . .

You would be interested if you could see our rug work. We are now building a large work shed, just a poor, plain, rough built place which is costing £1,000. All building materials are dear and labour appallingly high. In our present place we have to pay for three small rooms £150, so think we are doing the wisest thing to build, and the heating question will be solved, as our furnace can heat the rug room too. We had gentlemen from the Embassy to-day; they seem very much interested in the work and have to render accounts of all my doings in regard to this

STATEMENT SENT TO MR. E. W. BROOKS, JULY 24TH, 1920.

"FRIENDS OF ARMENIA" RELIEF WORK AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

RECEIPTS.

1919					
Sept. 9th.	Per Mr. Brooks	£400	0 0
Overspent	113	16 6
				£513	16 6

EXPENDITURE.

1919					
Aug. 20th.	Overspent	£298	0 6
	Distributed help to the sick. Paid for some in hospitals. Bought medicine and milk for many. Relieved many in weekly small sums			215	16 0
				£513	16 6

Brumana.

Brumana,
August 23rd, 1920.

Dear Miss Russell,

I have safely received the 30 parcels, including two for Miss Davies. These parcels contain the vegetable down, knitting cotton, knitting wool, crochet needles, and knitting needles, etc. 17 of them came by one mail, and now 13 more have arrived. Also slates, pencils and readers are now to hand. We are very glad to receive these as we have not been able to get anything very satisfactory in Beyrout. We bought a very few very small slates and a few "cardboard ones," but I believe there are no more now to be had. The few we got were very expensive and poor.

I feel as if it may not be clearly understood by the Friends of Armenia that there are practically no Armenians here except our "Guests" in the Girls' High School building (about 150). Both Miss Davies and Miss Frearson think that Brumana is not a likely place to make anything like a permanent home in for Armenian orphans or others. It is expected that those we have will be able to return before many months, and then there will be practically none beyond the two or three families who have lived here from before the war. Even the nice Armenian nurse from the Hospital

industry, to the Embassy. I hope I can make a success of the work; I am trying hard to do so. The whole thing is for Armenians, no one else can benefit by this Industry. With thanks for everything and good wishes to all the "Friends" of Armenia.

Yours very sincerely,
A. M. BURGESS.

Friends' Mission,
Constantinople.

Dear Miss Russell,

What can I say to your Committee for all the help given us. An Armenian Orphanage was burnt down here soon after the arrival of the bed sheeting, and you can imagine the joy and gratitude when I sent along sheeting and clothes all ready made for some of the little people. . . . I am very busy with new responsibilities. We are building a rug factory in our opposite garden. The tiles are now being put on. By the end of the month we hope to be ready to go in.

With many thanks for everything,
A. M. BURGESS.

has left as she wanted a change and to work "on her own" as it were.

I am delighted to have a chance of employing these poor Armenians now with us, and I hope next mail to send you a photo of them, together with a report of the work we have been able to do so far for them. I am sure they quite enjoy coming to the large, airy, white-washed work-rooms we have been able to provide for them, and Mrs. Bulbulian, the forewoman, seems to promise well.

I find now that none of those now in these parts were in the Port Said Camp, though I heard the reverse at first. They are all strong, capable looking women, and used to work, evidently. We are getting quite used to meeting little groups of them on the Brumana roads on their way to the oven or to fetch water. Some of them who know English (just three or four) come to our English Meetings, and all enjoy using our large meeting house for Sunday service. Mr. Naish (one of our missionaries) went and spoke to them at one of their gatherings, and his address was, of course, interpreted for them.

They all seem to fit in quite well with the Syrian population, and as far as I can see no one in the least resents their being here. The Syrians seem to fully understand that the Armenians have suffered even more than they have at the hands of the Turks. Am sorry

to tell you that three small parcels we sent off to you containing handkerchiefs have been returned to us. It is very difficult to get our goods to England these days! I do hope the three cases may arrive safely. I will try to get another case off in time to arrive before Xmas, and containing handkerchiefs, etc. The Syrians cannot make the kinds of work the Armenians used to do in Port Said. It would take many months to teach them, and they need to earn as quickly as possible because of their poverty. So I am having them taught some of the old Eastern stitchery. I have a beautiful collection of these, and am planning to develop work in these lines. It will chiefly take the form of children's garments made in handwoven material and decorated with stitchery of various kinds.

School, which had got invested with vermin during the war, some weeks have had to elapse before the place could be improved sufficiently for the Armenians to occupy the upper storey for industrial work.

We now have about thirty-five busy with needle-lace, Nokish and Marash work, and a few are making quaintly embroidered Sivas "Aprons." This number will soon be added to, and we expect to have one hundred or more at work before Christmas. We have supplied benches for these workers, but many of them prefer to sit on the floor, and they make an interesting sight, little groups of very industrious women sitting about in different parts of the airy white-washed rooms and corridor. Mrs. Bulbulian, a Protestant pastor's wife, acts as forewoman to this branch of our



SOME OF THE WORKERS AND STAFF AT BRUMANA. MISS ECKROYD, MISS CUNNINGTON, AND MISS DAVIES IN THE CENTRE.

Some of the garments are made of brown holland. I got some of this in Beyrout (very expensive) as we do not get enough of hand-woven cloth in plain colours. I wish I had some of the Government linen; that would make fascinating garments and covers, etc. I must not add more except kindest regards.

Yours very sincerely,
T. H. CUNNINGTON.

Work for the Armenians in Brumana.

About one hundred and fifty of these poor women arrived here in June, and most thankfully accepted a "home" for the time being, in our Girls' High School building, which is given over entirely to their use. Owing to the bad state of the Boys' High

work, and we expect soon to take on an assistant for her. Fortunately, she speaks English well, and a few of the workers speak it too. A few others know Arabic.

Very few of those who know needle-lace know how to hemstitch, so this they are learning, and will soon turn out some good handkerchiefs, quite up to the Port Said standard, if not better. They can only work rather slowly at present, as many have done but little of this kind of work during the past years. However, they will, no doubt, soon make quicker progress. Few are under eighteen years of age, and most look to be women of from twenty to thirty. All seem glad to be employed, and we understand they are to be allowed to keep part of their wages; the rest will go towards their up-keep, and all will be

handed over to Major Nicol to deal with as he thinks best. They will, of course, be paid at the same rate as the Syrian workers, and there is already a wholesome feeling of "Competition" between them.

All these Armenians have been supplied with neat dresses and clothing and bedding, etc., by the A.C.R.N.E., and, judging by their looks, are being well fed. Mrs. Bulbulian takes morning prayer with them every day before they begin their work, and they really seem to enjoy the hours spent in the Industries. This branch of our work is different in many ways from the Syrian departments, as in the latter we are employing quite a number of children from 7 to 14 years old, and these, and even the rather older ones, are all receiving a certain amount of education as they are at an age to benefit by it. One Armenian girl who began Marash work in our Syrian department for machine work has been teaching Turkish to her companions, and learning Arabic from them. She now prefers to continue working with them to joining the other Armenians in their work-rooms! She and another are the only two who know the Marash work; we expect to use her shortly to teach other Armenians; she is a girl from Miss Frearson's orphanage, and has come up for this purpose.

We hope to be able to send a good parcel of work for the "Friends of Armenia" Sale-room from our Armenian Industries to arrive in London before Christmas, if at all possible. One cannot help contrasting the beautiful surroundings these poor people are enjoying here in this beautiful wooded spot, with the dry, dusty desert at Port Said where the Armenian refugees, nearly all mountain people, had to live for nearly four years. These women seem, indeed, truly thankful for their many mercies.

THEODORA CUNNINGTON.

"THIS MONEY HAS BEEN PRAYED FOR."

Steward at Hadjin.

I was bringing 150 liras from Hadjin to the missionaries at Sourp Sarkis (the name of the point of the mountain on which we live), and I had been informed that five or six outlaws were lying in wait for me just outside the city. So before leaving the city I drew away quietly into my office and prayed.

Then I passed through the city; and when I came to the bridge that is outside, there I saw six outlaws standing with rows of bullets strung about their bodies, and armed with weapons of all descriptions.

"Are you the M. Effendi (Mr.) that we are looking for?" they asked.

I feared, because if they wished, they were at liberty to take this money, for they were six and I was only one.

But after talking for awhile the leader said: "Hiday (hurry), let's go! I meant to take this money from you, M., but my conscience has become so uncomfortable that I cannot do it. So we will not rob you this time, but if God had not touched our hearts we would have."

I thanked them for this decision, and said: "Shall I tell you the reason why you could not take this money? This money was given by men of faith and prayer; by people who trust God and pray about the money they send here from America. This money has

been prayed for: that is why you cannot touch it."

I took a new step in faith that day. From this experience I decided that never again would I be afraid to carry the missionaries' money. God is able to take care of it.

Friends' Mission Hospital,
Brumana, July 6th, 1920.

Dear Miss Russell,

Your kind letter of June 19th, with cheque for £25 5s., came safely on the 4th inst. Will you convey my warm thanks to the subscriber? The gift was most welcome, though I have some qualms as to diverting funds from your own Society's needs.

However, as things are moving, it seems likely that we here are to come into closer touch with Armenians than has hitherto been possible. My head nurse is an Armenian (Raheel Gazelian). We have recently loaned our former Girls' school building to the Near East Relief Committee for the housing of some Armenian women refugees, and have Miss Frearson here helping get it ready; also, lastly, we have just had an Armenian student with us as a patient. An interesting, sad story. His name was Sarkis Der-Hagopian; as a child he, a brother and three sisters, had been left orphans, and Sarkis was educated by missionaries, afterwards going to Harpoot College and then teaching for two years in Aintab. Then, through the kindness of friends, after the war he entered the Syrian Protestant College in Beirut to train in pharmacy, and was to have graduated this June. The Master, however, had other plans; in January an operation was necessary and he entered the College Hospital, where later a second was performed. He did not get on well at all, and about the end of April his friends wrote to us here to see if we would admit him, though he was then very ill and weak. Such a plaintive appeal "With you and the mountain air perhaps he may live, here (Beirut) he will surely die." We had him up (the advent of motors has made the transport of invalids much easier than in the older days). He was the thinnest person I have ever seen I think. My Syrian nurse exclaimed: "Never during the war was anyone so thin," and Raheel worked hard to pull him round, her patriotism adding sympathy to her nursing. He was with us four weeks but got weaker, and "passed over" last Sunday week. During the last week he had the comfort of a sister with him; she and her two sisters were refugees and just got to Beirut in time. Knowing he was a Protestant we had a short service in our meeting house, and he was buried in the Friends' Burial Ground here; there were short addresses in Arabic, and one in Armenian by a teacher here, himself a refugee. As none of us could express sympathy with the sister (she knew only Armenian), our Syrian friends all went and shook hands with her. Afterwards they made a collection to cover her expenses back to Beirut. The girl was very impressed by the kindness of Syrians, and added sadly, "All his life my brother has been helped and educated by his friends, and now in his death and burial he is dependent on friends."

I have since had a nice letter from his fellow students in Beirut. They were in the midst of examinations and so unable to be with him at the end.

I thought you might be interested in the above. It does show, doesn't it, how in a very literal way one cannot separate our work as for Syrians or Armenians? And how even in one life some three missionary societies, at least, have had a part! We are all workers together in Him and for His needy ones.

Since I wrote the article published by you I have returned to my own small hospital. Miss Cunningham and I were here before the war; now I am alone as she is doing industrial work. The Turks stripped us bare and left us in exchange filth unutterable, though that was cleared before I returned. We are gradually collecting new equipment, bedding, etc., but everything is so costly. Later (D.V.) we hope to go ahead with a new hospital for which we have some money in hand. It is not nearly sufficient at present prices of building materials. For the present we are being content with small things. Now I must close or weary you. Please convey my grateful thanks for the gift. I shall use the money for some special need, not current expenses. Dr. Manasseh is in England buying things; shall consult with him.

Yours very sincerely,

ETHEL STEVENS.

News from Hadjin Workers.

Constantinople,

July 30th, 1920.

Dear Miss Russell,

It has been a long time since we have been able to write to you and thank you for the money you so kindly sent for the needy of Hadjin. We received the 150 pounds you sent through Mr. Peet. The reason you did not hear from us sooner is that we have been surrounded by the Kemilists for three months, and all that time were under fire. The rebels were attacking the Armenians in Hadjin and trying to wipe them out. Up to the present time the Turks have not been able to get into the city, but I do not know how much longer the poor Armenians in the city will be able to hold out. Food and ammunition getting low.

We were just outside the city, so when the Turks came to surround the city they took our compound, and we had an awful time I assure you. On the 13th of June the Armenians, driven to desperation by the taunts of the Turks (saying that they had taken the Armenian girls that were with the missionaries for wives), made a raid and drove the Turks back, and came into our compound and took all the orphan children into the city. They later retreated, and again the Turks came and took the compound. This time they ordered us out, stole everything we had, and burned all the buildings. They took us to Talas, and we came from there to Samsoun and on to Constantinople.

We are leaving here to-morrow for Cyprus, then will go to Mersine and try to get help to the Hadjin people as soon as possible. They are now in a starving condition, and if they should be relieved we want to be near to help them.

Mrs. Eby is enclosing an account of our escape. Hope before long we will be able to send you better news, but sorry to say it does not look very hopeful

for Hadjin just now. Our address will be Larnaka, Cyprus, care of American Consul. We will let you know as soon as we get any further word from Hadjin.

Sincerely yours,

DANIEL C. EBY.

Robbed and Rescued by the Brigands.

Mrs. D. C. EBY.

THE WILD HORDES DESCEND.

They came swarming down upon us that morning from the mountains round about, wild hordes of Turks, Kurds and Circassians, a promiscuous crowd of ragged savage looking creatures, with swarthy skin and sullen faces. A few of the simple villagers came in with them, engaging us at once in friendly conversation, and for a brief space our hopes rose. But these were soon dashed as some of the worst outlaws in Turkey, with their wicked bands appeared on the scene. The evil murderous gleam in their flashing dark eyes boded no good!

WE ARE ORDERED OUT.

One of the worst of the bandit leaders roughly ordered us off the compound. "We have driven the French out of our country, and we don't want the Americans either," he said; and sitting down he began, with the aid of his servants, to get his automatic rifle ready in case we manifested the least sign of giving any trouble.

We were in the midst of this dangerous crowd in the back yard when suddenly Enver Bey came dashing around the corner of the orphanage. He was very much excited, his face a flaming red, and acted so strangely that we decided that he was either drunk, or had lost his mind. This was the wicked chief whom we had nursed back to health when he was at the point of death, and in return he was here now to save us! For weeks he had urged us to leave Hadjin, but in vain. He thought we did not realise the full extent of our danger, and now feared that he had come too late!

Drawing us aside he said, "You must leave here at once! Take only a few things that you can carry with you. Whatever do you mean by not having them ready?" "Don't you know that we have been living underground in the orphanage for days, and could not even get upstairs to cook any food, to say nothing of going over to the missionary homes where our belongings are," we retorted! He did not seem inclined to let us go over there, but as we insisted he escorted us.

A STRANGE PACKING SCENE.

We found the building in full possession of the brigands. We hurried past them to our room, but others were there already helping themselves to everything in furious haste. We soon saw that if we were to get anything at all we must grab, and grab quickly, and this we proceeded to do. Even in the midst of this tragic situation, badly as I felt, a sense of humour overpowered me and I laughed outright.

It seemed so tragically funny to be one of a crowd of brigands, and grabbing just like one of them, FOR MY OWN THINGS. All our woollen goods had been carefully packed in cotton bags, so we had to content ourselves with a few summer things that were still around the room. Enver kept constantly at our elbow urging us to leave. "I tell you you must go," he said, laying hands on us. "This house will be burned down. IT IS ON FIRE NOW."

At the bottom of the stairs I remembered that I had no wrap of any kind, so I squeezed my way back through the mob, coming in closer contact with their numerous weapons than I cared to. At the top of the stairs a busy bandit had just laid two of our cotton bags across the railing, so I calmly opened one, and fortunately found one of my coats in it; seeing a serge suit of Mr. Eby's I took it, but more about that anon. On my way out I found Yowis Ali in a room below bending over two open boxes; seeing me he held up a package and asked, "What is this thing for, anyhow?" "Oh, thank you very much," I replied,



HADJIN REFUGEES.

taking it. "That is a case containing my raincoat and cap." I stuffed them in the saddlebags, but never saw them again. Clouds of smoke were now pouring out the lower part of the building. Enver had spoken the truth.

SADDLING THE ANIMALS.

We went now to the stable to take stock of the donkeys, the living, and wounded and the dead. I stood guard over the saddles and saddlebags while Mr. Eby began the seemingly hopeless task of getting some of them ready to ride. One after another he turned them out, gaunt, crippled and lame. Only two horses and one donkey were in good condition. During this brief period Enver Bey entered at least six times and furiously ordered Mr. Eby to leave. He did not offer to help any, though, at our request, he did order some of the men, who were constantly passing, to help us, but these had their arms full of stolen goods, and were still too busy to heed any such orders.

Enver continued to fret and fume. "Where are the Hanums (Ladies)? WHY DO THEY NOT COME?" I was holding the one horse which was dancing about, chafing to be off. The other he had tied close by. Enver had gone into the orphanage to hurry the ladies out. A group of bandits were standing a short distance away, stuffing our Oriental rugs into bags. I had to smile, for the one who was most energetic at this had on Miss Clark's winter coat, and on the sleeve of the arm he was using so actively was the A.C.R.N.E. Badge of the Relief! Just then Arab Ali came along, and instead of passing behind the horse that was tied, he darted under the halter and struck up at him. "What a cruel man," I thought. The animal reared and plunged about, and the bandit turned and continued to strike savagely at his head. Soon the bridle slipped and the horse was off. Too late I understood the purpose of Arab Ali: he wanted that fine animal for himself. We tried to catch him but Enver Bey, who appeared now with the ladies, made us give up the attempt.

LEAVING THE COMPOUND.

We started off singly in Indian file. Mr. Eby is carrying a suit case and leading a wounded donkey which stops every few steps refusing to go on. We cast a commiserating glance at our calf, which is lying on the right, and at the moment is dying. Just beyond is a large pool of human blood from which the body has been recently removed. Miss Clark's horse, "Haiastan," (Armenia) comes tottering toward us. Gaunt from hunger and badly wounded, he must be left behind. All is war and tumult about us. We call in vain to one another. Who could hear in this hellish din? On our left is the burning building. The horse that got loose, now maddened by the noise of battle, and the proximity of the armed mob, dashes in wild recklessness back and forth across our path-way. I strive to quiet Laddie (our horse) and coax him on up towards the gate in the wall.

ENTERING THE BATTLEFIELD.

There a gruesome sight awaits us! Only one door

in the gate will open, and directly across it lies a dead body—putrifying in the hot sun. I climb up over it fearing Laddie will refuse to come, but after shying a bit he jumps over and we are on the battlefield. All the rest of our party get through safely but Miss Cold. She has the old white station horse, "Peter." He is feeble with age, and has a large gaping wound in his hip. He fell down on the dead body. The grade is steep; he cannot rise, and has to be helped up. The indescribable din of battle roars about us. The bullets whizz and whistle around and over us. A rain of crackling noises envelopes us. The war tempest rages, howls and rolls in sullen echoes round the mountains.

FLEEING FOR LIFE UP THE MOUNTAIN.

The compound nestles near the base of the steep mountain we are to climb. Narrow valleys watered by streams stretch upward. We are to climb up one of these. There is a regular road, but we cannot take this as it is a dangerous road, in full view of Hadjin. We must go straight up instead, and it so steep we cannot ride. Enver Bey now appears and hurries us forward. The road grows rougher and steeper as we ascend. Now and again the loathsome smell of blood and decaying bodies is wafted to our nostrils.

PETER EXPIRES.

Wondering if all the others are coming or if any have been shot, I cast a strained glance backward and downward just in time to see Miss Cold's horse rolling down a bank, dragging her after him. "It is no use," she cries. "Peter cannot go." He makes no attempt to rise, and soon expires. "If I am shot," said Miss Clark, "I want the rest of you to go right on. Don't you dare to stop a minute on my account." Higher and higher we climb, gasping for breath. Each time we attempt to stop to rest Enver hurries us onward. We began to wonder if any of us will reach the top alive. Miss Bredemus decides to throw away a bag of clothing she is carrying, and Mr. Eby leaves his suit case on the road behind.

DESERTED DEAD.

We climb over rocks, cross the narrow stream back and forth, and then up one steep incline after another. *Hot, hot it is!* But despite the heat a sudden chill seizes us. Here by the roadside lies a dead body. Up to this time the Turks have been very careful about burying their dead. Farther on we come upon another body, strapped to a stretcher. Did he die on the way, or were his companions compelled to desert him in haste? We turn and glance downward toward the desolate city far below, and a sense of the immensity of the sorrows of the Armenian nation overwhelms us! "Thou hast sore broken us, O God, and covered us with the shadow of death. Why hidest Thou Thy face and forgettest our affliction?" "Because of the oppression of the wicked my heart is sore pained within me; the terrors of death are fallen; horror hath overwhelmed me."

THE TOP AT LAST.

We rise and rise, zigzagging whenever we can. Often we think we must be near the top, but a glance above reveals the mountain still flinging itself upward.

The horse and donkey sweat and pant, and thrust themselves up the steep way. On, on, we climb painfully. Our clothing is soaked in perspiration. Only sheer force of will keeps us going. Nothing but a matter of life and death could have induced us to climb this mountain in two hours' time.

Many bandits pass us, some on their way down to the battlefield, others wending their way to higher altitudes. Most of the latter are carrying bags whose bulging contents seem strangely familiar. "There goes my summer suit," says Mr. Eby. "See the trousers hanging out." "It was very kind of that man to carry your leather bag," I remarked to Miss Clark, as the top is reached at last and we pause for breath. "Oh, it is not mine any longer," she enlightened me; "he carried that up for himself."

IN THE CAMP OF THE BANDIT CHIEFS.

On the bleak mountain top three walls of stone, with a black cover of sackcloth, forms a sheltered nook for the bandit chiefs, Enver and Jevan. We insist on taking our small bundles of earthly goods in with us, but in spite of all our precaution find that Mr. Eby's only good suit has disappeared. Our minds have no time to work on this puzzle, when Enver says, with a charming smile (the first he has given us up to this time), "Bey Effendi, I want that new saddle of yours. I had intended to take your horse, but I've changed my mind. I can get another horse, but not a saddle like this." Without awaiting a reply he immediately gave orders for the transfer of the saddle to his own horse. We were trying to feel properly grateful for having received a present of our own horse when Mr. Eby, glancing down, notices that Enver was lacing up a pair of new shoes. "Those shoes seem rather small for you," he remarked. "Yes, they are a bit small," agreed Enver. "I think they must be yours." "Yes, I believe they are," replied Mr. Eby, glancing down at the much worn pair on his own feet, the only pair he now possessed. The bandit, however, calmly continued lacing the new shoes, as pleased over them as a child. We now cross the top of the mountain and climb down the other side to the camp below. It was now 1.30 p.m. and we had not yet had breakfast. An officer kindly ordered dinner for us. We were now homeless, foodless, and some of us penniless; so we feel very grateful that they have decided to feed us. That evening we were taken to the camp of the Commander six miles away on the top of another mountain. Six of us slept that night, and the following one, in his bed. Fortunately, he was a large man, and we were too exhausted to think of the minor comforts of life! This was directly behind the largest cannon they had, and as we retired its loud boom crashed and roared among the peaks. "The Commander ordered that the cannon be fired off in honour of our guests," remarked a brigand, putting his head inside the tent expecting us to be pleased. "Let us tell him that we do not want any of the Hadjin people killed in our honour," we said. Well, they burned our Mission Compound, stole all the contents, but they saved our lives and sent us to Talas, a station 100 miles away where there were Americans. From there we came 400 miles across the interior in motor trucks of the A.C.R.N.E. to Samsoun on the Black Sea. "If it

had not been the Lord who was on our side then, had they swallowed us up quick when their wrath was kindled against us." But "Thou hast delivered my soul from death. Thou hast dealt well with Thy servant, O Lord, according to Thy Word!"

Constantinople, July 24th, 1920.

Adana.

(Extracts from letter from Miss E. S. Webb, of the American Mission, to a Member of Committee.)

August 6th, 1920.

"Mrs. Block and I at once began breaking up our home. My furniture went back to my own house, while we both came here to the Seminary for the summer. The Society wished to begin gathering orphans again, and I consented to undertake this until the road should again be open, when Mary and I hope to go to Beirut for rest and dentistry. So things have gone on for the past month and a half. The road has not yet opened, and the work of collecting orphans seems endless. Many full orphans have been cared for by uncles, aunts, or distant relatives. Others have worked as servants. Now that there is scarcity of food they are thrown out with no one to care for them. Two little girls who came in to-day are a fair sample. Their step-mother told them she could not look after them any longer. They say they slept in the street last night and had had nothing to eat when they came in about ten o'clock. Incidentally, I may say it was a wild night for little girls to be out in.

"We are becoming hardened to fighting, but last night it was the worst we have had. The pop pop of the rifles is going on all the time as I am writing. Last night a battle was going on most of the time. There must have been a severe attack. One could hear the shower of bullets from the field-guns, and again and again the big French 65 opened its mouth with a roar. First would come the noise of the shot, then the swish of the shell as it passed over our heads right above the city, then the flash as it exploded, and later the sound of the explosion. It was terrifying. It must have meant destruction and death to all in that region.

"The days are fairly quiet. You would be surprised how we sleep through the commotion in the night. The city is well guarded, and we feel sure they cannot get in. You will be glad to hear that among the orphans we have a department for the blind. About two years ago a contagious disease appeared, which the people call "eye cholera." I think it must have been some kind of acute opthalmia. It destroyed the eyesight in a few hours. Our blind department is not limited to orphans. We have Shammi as our teacher coming for the day. At present there are five girls from twelve to twenty years of age, and three little eleven-year-old boys, all boarders. Several others have applied, but we have stopped receiving until political conditions are more favourable. The expectation is that aside from these blind children the orphans will be sent to Cyprus as soon as the way opens. The school for the blind will have to be permanent here. But none of it is entirely decided yet. . . . At present we have about 160 girls. There are about 200 boys

in different places in the city under the care of a Miss Nevins. . . . I eat and sleep here at the Seminary, but practically my whole time is spent with the children. I shall draw out from all except the blind unless the work ends automatically by the children going to Cyprus, which is the present plan. The evangelistic work needs my time and attention.

"Stray bullets have visited most of our houses, but we do not live in the exposed rooms. With this care we continue in peace our daily work as usual. Really this kind of life has almost come to be the natural one.

"We are glad to hear of the Americans as safely out of Hadjin. Their orphan children were taken into the city itself at their own wish. We do not know the whole story ourselves.

"Hassan Beyli has also been vacated, the people being taken to Durt Yol. We are anxious for Hadjin. They have defended themselves bravely, and have now sent a last cry for help. The Hadjinlis here are planning to go, but can do nothing unless they have help. It will be very difficult and dangerous.

Caucasus News.

Erivan, British Mission,

27th July, 1920.

Dear Miss Russell,

Your letter of May 10th received, and please pardon my delay in not answering it, due partly that I was four weeks laid aside with Spanish Influenza, and then I was sent to Batoum for important work there, and only returned here a few days ago, after being absent from first of May.

Your first sum of money (one hundred pounds). Half of this sum I gave to Dr. Ussher for medical relief, and the remainder was used in Tiflis for giving food, milk and nourishment for sick children, nursing mothers and convalescent patients.

I did not want to overlap any of the American work here. And as this was not thought of and much suffering entailed thereby, I felt that your Society would allow me to use these funds in this way.

The second amount of L.150 I have been using in the same way through the British Chief Commissioner for Armenians and Syrians, but largely for the latter people as they are unable, owing to the unrestful state of their country Urumia, to return, which is not the case with the Armenians. Many of the latter have left Tiflis and are living in their own state. Those who remain behind are only those who can afford to do so.

Your further sum of L.850 I have not yet received, but have already made plans for it; part of it will go to support a Syrian orphanage in Tiflis, now destitute, due to the withdrawal of Col. Haskell's work in that district, and part I will use to continue this work that I have already begun. Then I will need a good deal of course now to pay for our Embroidery section where we employ fifty girls doing handkerchief work and lace work. I hope soon to be able to send you tangible results of our work.

Conditions here at the present moment are very good, though we have gone through many vicissitudes these past three months due to enemies from without and within. However, by tact and clemency, the

Government here has quieted down what at one time was a very serious and destructive element.

This year the crops have been exceedingly good, and there is practically work for all able-bodied men and women due, of course, to almost all their young men being in the army and on the front.

Col. Haskell is now withdrawn from the Relief work here after his last shipment of flour. Rev. A. E. Yarrow, who was missionary at Van, has now become the Director, so the new regime will give a great deal of comfort to many, as he is known as a kind, sympathetic and tactful person.

Of course, you will understand that it is impossible for me to go into the finer details of the work, as I did in the past. My own work keeps me busy and engages the best part of time and brain, but I am very glad to carry on in this way, if this arrangement is suitable to you and your Committee. I take vouchers



ARMENIAN ORPHANS WHO NEED OUR HELP.

for the large sums given, as per enclosed receipt received from the President of the Syrian National Council. Then we receive reports of the work accomplished, so in that way we keep a fairly good tab on the work.

Yours sincerely,

G. F. G.

Received from the British Chief Commissioner in Tiflis the sum of sixty-eight thousand roubles (Rs. 68000) which, together with the fifty thousand roubles (50000 Rs.) received on May 18th, 1920, represent the equivalent of one hundred pounds sterling.

(Signed)

President.....

Delegate.....

Tiflis, June 7th, 1920.

The Student Conference at Smyrna.

In the *Missionary Herald* for July we printed a brief article from Mr. Birge, of the International College in Smyrna, telling of the intimate relations between college and Y.M.C.A. We have just been allowed to read, and to quote a few paragraphs from, a letter from Mr. Ralph Harlow, written June 3, and describing the recent Sixth Paradise Student Conference. Mr. Harlow says: "It was one of the most wonderful experiences of the power of God which I have ever witnessed. Truly, miracles were wrought in those few days together; prayers were answered

with startling directness; faith was justified by no uncertain signs of a superhuman power at work in our midst."

The services were held in the big college auditorium, and Mr. Harlow goes on:—

"Over the platform hung in great letters the text of the conference, 'Where the Spirit of the Lord Is, There Is Liberty.' Over the door as the students went out they saw in large letters, 'My Freedom Is His Grand Control.' The conference hymn chosen was 'Make me a captive, Lord'; but the hymn that will always stand out as the hymn of this conference was 'O Zion, haste, thy mission high fulfilling.' How they did sing!

"We had over two hundred delegates and teachers. Some came from St. Paul's College at Tarsus; some from the American Board's school in Salonica; some from Robert College and Gedik Pasha School in

Stamboul. We had as well a delegate from the Greek Seminary, Halki.

MANIFEST GUIDANCE

"As to the topic, we chose under the guidance of the Holy Spirit. This year we have more Moslem students than in any year of our history, and we wanted some of the students at the conference. So bitter was the feeling on the part of several of the Greek and Armenian students that they declared that they would not come if Moslems were there. Then a misunderstanding came up in the Girls' College and the whole Junior Class went out on strike the week before the conference, something never before known in the school's history. We did indeed come to know the meaning of prayer in those critical days. And how the Student Volunteers did stand by me in those hours! We had a prayer meeting out on the hill one evening, and how those young men and women did pray! The morning before the conference a group of twelve of us rose before dawn and went up on our beloved hill, and after prayer we read the Gospel of John through. Then the conference came.

"From the singing of the first hymn, the hymn with which we open all our conferences here, 'From age to age they gather, all the brave of heart and strong,' till the last note of 'God be with you till we meet again,' which we always sing the last night of the conference at the station as the train pulls out with the students who go back to the city, the presence of the Holy Spirit was manifest.

FRUITS OF THE SPIRIT

"The girl who was without question the most bitter of all the Armenians against the Moslems rose

in the closing sunset meeting and said, 'My hatred has been changed to love.' She wants to enter the Volunteer band and give her life to work among Moslem women.

"Two of our leading Moslem students gave their lives to Christ. I shall never forget the thrill we felt as that tall, fine Albanian, whose father's name is a household word in all Albania, rose and gave his life to Christ. The three most difficult agnostics in the college rose and gave their lives to Christ that night. Boy after boy and girl after girl for whom we have prayed made us sure that night that our God does hear and answer prayer.

"At the Y.M.C.A. meeting, following the conference, three of the students who have most opposed what the 'Y.' has stood for, led, and gave wonderful testimonies. To-morrow one of our finest Turks, the president of the Turkish Club, is to lead and tell why he has taken Jesus Christ as the Lord and Master of his life. This is the greatest victory for Christ I have ever witnessed. At the conference this student gave a testimony, but it was a hedging of the truth. Ever since he has been in tears and agony over it. We have prayed together, groups of our students have been praying for him, and two nights ago the battle ended victoriously and he has been so happy since. He is not afraid of anything. He graduates in June, and plans now to go to Hartford Seminary and study and come back as an evangelist to the Moslems."

—Missionary Herald.

Another American Missionary "Called Home."

The Late Mrs. F. A. SHEPARD.

Mrs. Fanny A. Shepard, member of the Central Turkey Mission, passed away at her sister's home in East Orange, N.J., June 4, 1920. Those who knew intimately Dr. Fred Shepard, the famous surgeon of Aintab, Turkey, realized how much he depended upon the quiet but truly efficient woman by his side. Mrs. Shepard seemed particularly helpful in carrying out her husband's ideas of special help for certain ones in need. Indeed, this retiring woman, who often found it so difficult to express her feelings in words, was "always doing some kind thing for some one else in trouble." As one of her associates writes, "She did not talk about what she could do; she did it, in the quietest and most efficient way." As we think of Mrs. Shepard's life for nearly forty years in Turkey, we realize what broad influence she must have exerted, through her well-trained natural abilities of high order, as homemaker, musician, botanist, and relief organizer; her artistic and practical skill in developing her well-known lace industry; her practical sympathy for the peoples of all classes and creeds; her simple faith in Christ and in humanity, which expressed itself in works if not in words.

Mrs. Fanny A. Shepard was born in the Hawaiian Islands, July 14, 1856. She graduated from Mt. Holyoke College and from the Medical Department of the University of Michigan. Her marriage to Dr. Fred D. Shepard took place at Ann Arbor, July 5, 1882, and with her husband she began her medical missionary work at Aintab shortly afterwards. Since her

husband's death a few years ago, she has been active at Aintab in relief work. Her three children are actively connected with Christian service in Turkey: Alice, the wife of Pres. Ernest Riggs, of Euphrates College; Lorrin, who has taken up his father's medical work at Aintab; and Florence, who has been assisting in missionary relief work in Turkey.

—Missionary Herald.

TURKEY SIGNS THE TREATY.

At last the Allies have compelled Turkey to sign the treaty they submitted to her. What then? Who is to see that its terms are enforced? It is reported that 90 per cent. of the Turks of Anatolia follow Mustapha, who scorns the treaty and prepares to fight it. With the country resisting the Sultan's government, declaring it to be acting under coercion and therefore not to be obeyed, what prospect is there for an era of peace? If Britain and France are not ready by armed force to secure acceptance of the treaty's terms, who will attempt the task? Greece has shown her willingness to press into Turkish territory, turning an army of occupation into an expeditionary force. But it would be a large contract for Greece to undertake the subjugation of Anatolia. It would mean occupation by conquest, if at all, and would certainly lead Greece to expect substantial possessions in an area into which she had put so much. It is a question whether the Allies, anticipating such a possible outcome, would assign to any one power the effort to compel Turkey's fulfilment of the treaty's terms.

What effect, if any, the formal acceptance of the treaty will have upon missionary work cannot be foretold. This work has been going on during these years of uncertainty and imperial dissolution: in some sections with little interruption: in others with much.

Anatolia College at Marsovan, International College at Smyrna, and St. Paul's Institute at Tarsus are in effective operation. Other of the Board's colleges are practically closed. Local situations are unlike and determine what can be attempted. There are unwelcome reports that a new and less favourable attitude toward Americans is appearing in some quarters. The aloofness of this country in the present international crisis, together with the fear that President Wilson's decision as to the delimiting of Armenian territory will be unacceptable to Mustapha, are provoking a spirit of hostility which may be felt by the missionaries. They have held on bravely and vigorously during this long time of unrest and disorder. They are still the outstanding benefactors of that troubled land and its miserable peoples. They are waiting for the chance of a new and better day.

—Missionary Herald.

THE SUMMER IN TARSUS.

In connection with a letter briefly announcing to her friends her adventures with brigands—details of which she promises later—Mrs. Paul Nilson gives the following story of activities in July and later:—

"There are about eighty boys here this summer and nearly 100 all together are having lessons and taking

their noon meal with us. These are all destitute orphan boys. Mr. Nilson has a plan by which the school gives the buildings and his services; the Y.M.C.A. the teachers' salaries and athletic and trades equipment; and the different relief organisations the food for the boys. The original plan of drawing nearly half the boys from Adana and Mersine did not work out because of the sending of orphans from Adana to Cyprus, and because of the cutting of the railroad. So he has taken more boys from here, as the need seems endless, even in this comparatively peaceful part of Cilicia.

"The carpenters have been at work for nearly a month now and have almost completed an order of benches for the Adana Y.M.C.A. boys' camp. They will be busy making repairs on our buildings during the next few weeks. They are supervised by a good city carpenter, who works on a commission. The tailor is paid a small salary and keeps his quota of boys learning that trade from button holes on up. They do repairing on the boys' clothes, and work on their suits. If the way opens to Adana they hope for an order from the Y.M.C.A. The weaving is just started on two looms; the weaver also has a small salary. As yet the shoemaker has not been found. One boy does very good repair work, but we haven't been able to start on the boys' native slippers yet.

"A boy who is a wizard at making something out of old tin cans is teaching several others to produce cups, plates, egg-beaters, fly-swatters, etc., out of a former waste. The printer is teaching several other boys and thus producing the Sunday school lessons in Armenian and any printing in English that is needed. They were getting out a many-tongued hymn-book for use in the Y.M.C.A., but it is interrupted by aforementioned conditions.

"Not all the boys are busy with a trade, as they have come irregularly and the assembling of tools and teachers has been slow, but I think that about fifty are. They all have gymnastics, music, writing, and arithmetic or English lessons. My! how they sing. Their management is in the hands of three college boys and two teachers from last year's faculty. It is going so smoothly that Mr. Nilson has at last found time for Turkish study, and for a week now we have averaged two hours a day at it. We have found a Turk who will give us lessons. He is manager of the Tarsus weekly paper and was most interested in the school here.

"The other thing of interest is our Sunday school. There is no Sunday school for the children in the summer in the church. Usually there are no children to speak of here, but this year we have those that were left after the exodus to the United States, and in addition some 100 or so refugees. So with the encouragement of the Protestant pastor and the Gregorian priest we have opened one. I was unable to go last Sunday, but I hope to go, play the organ, and have a class after this. There were 208 present at that first session. Eighty or so were our own boys; sixty or so were from the pupils in the Protestant day school, which meets this summer in our academy building; that leaves about fifty new ones. The plan was formed during the week and had had no advertising; so we hope for more next week. Many of the older boys and girls teach classes, giving them

an opportunity to do something and really to learn, too. Mr. Nilson will act as superintendent.

—Missionary Herald.

Larnaca, Cyprus,

October 13th, 1920.

Received October 27th, 1920.

Dear ones across the sea,

I had a most pleasant surprise recently when a large bunch of mail, which had been addressed to Hadjin, reached us via Constantinople. A Near East Relief worker who left Adana via Mersine about the middle of August, kindly brought it as far as the Capital with him, and it was forwarded from there to us. Some of it was dated as far back as January, and the news contained was almost ancient history to you, but, nevertheless, news to us. There were over a hundred letters for the three of us.

You have learnt long ere this, through press reports and from other sources of the dreadful struggle that is again taking place in Turkey, and of our tragic escape from Hadjin after being under fire for three months. After spending a month in Constantinople we decided to come here, arriving on August 8th. We had hoped to be able to get back into Cilicia, as Larnaca is only one night's journey to Mersine, our seaport. But the fighting continues with brief respites, and God only knows how and when it will end.

There are large numbers of Armenian refugees from the Adana district on the island, and I am finding plenty of work among them. Over six hundred Armenian orphans and workers were brought here before conditions became so serious in Turkey. They are comfortably located in an old British contonement near Limosol. I visited them a few days ago, and it was a great joy to find a number of friends, also two of our former orphans filling responsible positions as workers.

I am sorry to be compelled to tell you that, as yet, we have been unable to get any direct word from the poor suffering people in Hadjin. Indirectly we hear that the Kemalists (Turkish irregulars) are still besieging the city, but the Armenians have succeeded in driving them back three or four hours, and have been able to get some food from the surrounding villages. The army of Armenian volunteers from the Adana district, who have made several attempts to go and relieve the situation in Hadjin, had not succeeded by last reports. All we can do is pray and be ready to aid them as soon as possible.

I am sure, if our faithful steward is still alive, he will borrow money and procure food for our orphan children if it can be found. Then we have also two deeply consecrated Bible women, who doubtless are being made channels of blessing to the sorely oppressed people. The Lord blessed the city with a gracious revival shortly before we left. So you will see that it is essential to continue, not only to pray, but also to PAY.

The French, who still hold a part of Cilicia, are making an attempt to make peace with the Turks. The French are sending away some of the Armenian exiles, who had sought refuge in Adana, by the thousands. Only a few days ago a steamer containing over nine hundred of these poor suffering people spent

(Concluded on page 24.)



THE TOWN OF ADANA AFTER A MASSACRE SOME YEARS AGO. NOW SURROUNDED BY TURKISH NATIONALISTS WHO ARE FIRING INTO THE CITY.



ARMENIAN MEN AND WOMEN HELPING TO MAKE ROADS.

Receipts, July 1st to September 30th, 1920.

EARMARKED MONIES.

£	s.	d.
Arkell, Mr. John (Miss Frearson's Work) ...	4	0
Appleton, Miss E. M. (Repairing Orphanage) ...	1	0
Babb, Miss C. J. (Miss Salmond's Work) ...	5	0
Bruce, Miss (Miss Salmond) ...	13	0
Barker, The Misses (Miss Davies' Orphans) ...	10	10
Collett, Mr. J. K. (Miss Davies' Orphans) ...	25	0
Fussell, Miss L. C. and Miss Murray (Miss Davies' Orphans) ...	8	0
Forbes, Mrs. (Miss Frearson's Orphans) ...	6	0
Garrett, Miss Anne (Miss Frearson's Orphans) ...	50	0
Gregorian, Miss A. (Miss Burgess, Constantinople) ...	66	11
Hammond, Mrs. (Marash Orphans) ...	5	0
Hayes, Mrs. W. J. (Repairing Orphanage) ...	1	0
Johnston, Miss E. E., per, from Members of The Love Sunday School, Ballinderry (Miss Davies' Work) ...	5	0
Lutyens, Mrs. (Special Orphans, Jerusalem) ...	6	0
Macmillan, Rev. John, per (Coll. by) (For Dr. Chambers, Adana) ...	10	0
Maxsted, Mrs. Philip (Miss Davies' Orphans) ...	5	0
Scruse, Esq., Ralph, per (Coll. by) (For Kady Kerry Orphanage, Constantinople)—Mr and Mrs. G. B. Scruse ...	3	3
Miss G. Patterson ...	10	0
Mr. & Mrs. Ralph Scruse ...	2	2
Searle, Miss M. E. (Miss Salmond's Work) ...	5	15
"S.P." (Miss Frearson's Orphans) ...	5	0
Stace, Miss E. (Marash Relief) ...	4	0
Truswell, Mrs., per, from Mt. Tabor Mission (Special Orphan) ...	3	15
Wallis, Miss H. E., from a Friend (Special Orphan) ...	2	0
	£220	0

GENERAL FUND.

Anon. (Southwell) ...	10	0
Anon. (Lancing) ...	1	0
Anon. (Bournemouth) ...	2	6
A. B. ...	2	6
A Friend (Cheltenham) ...	7	6
A Sympathiser (Withersfield) ...	2	0
Anon. (Hampstead) ...	5	0
Anon. (Stirlingshire) ...	15	0
"Anne Veronica" (Southport) ...	10	0
Anon. (Ruddington) ...	10	0
Allison, Miss M. ...	5	0
Anon. (Wellington, S. Africa) ...	1	0

Carried forward £7 7 6

£	s.	d.
Anon. (Torquay) ...	7	7
Anon. (Lytham) ...	2	0
Angus, Mrs. ...	2	6
A. B. C. ...	10	0
Anderson, Miss A. ...	2	6
Anon. (Dulwich) ...	5	0
Anon. (Leicester) ...	6	
A. N. W. ...	10	0
Ashby, Mr. F. C., per (Coll. by) ...	10	0
Anon. (Horne Hill) ...	2	6
Allison, Mrs. ...	4	0
Anderson, Mrs. ...	1	2
Atkinson, Rev. T. W. ...	9	0
Arnold, Mrs. ...	7	6
"Anon." (W.C.) ...	2	0
"A. C. W." ...	1	1
Alexander, Miss E. ...	2	0
Anon. (Paisley) ...	10	0
"A Friend" (J.E.H.) ...	10	0
Alcock, Miss E. ...	2	6
Allison, James, Esq., per, being collection taken at meeting addressed by Mrs. Truswell ...	2	6
Anon. ...	1	0
Appelbe, Miss ...	10	0
Aitken, Miss M. ...	1	0
Anon. (Clee Hill) ...	10	0
"Anonymous" ...	2	2
Anderson, Sir Robert, Bart. ...	10	0
Ajderian, Miss Hermine ...	1	0
"Anon." (Jersey) ...	5	0
"A. L. H." (Streatham Hill) ...	3	0
Alston, Miss Agnes ...	5	0
Aldwinckle, Mrs. E. ...	2	0
Atkinson, Mrs. W. I. ...	10	0
Anon. ...	3	0
"Armenia" ...	15	0
Anon. (Hurstpierpont) ...	10	0
"A. J. T." (London, N.1) ...	3	0
Armitage, Mrs. ...	1	1
Atkinson, Esq., F. P. ...	7	6
Anon. (Edinburgh) ...	10	0
Anon. (Dunoon) ...	3	0
"All Nations," Readers of ...	3	0
Butler, Miss, per, from the Mothers' Meeting and Friends Mission Hall, Kilburn ...	2	10
Boorne, Miss E. ...	7	6
Boorne, Miss G. C. ...	2	6
Brookman, Mrs. B. ...	10	0
Beane, Miss C. ...	5	0
Brammall, Mrs. J. ...	5	0
"B. P. W. F." ...	5	0
Blyth, The Misses I. and M. ...	1	0
Bedington, Mr. J. ...	2	6
Beard, S. W., Esq. ...	10	0
Bottomley, Mrs. Agnes ...	1	0
Bethell, Mrs. ...	5	0
Bruce, Mrs. Andrew ...	1	0
Bardikan, Mr. S. G. ...	2	0
Bruce, Miss H. ...	10	0
Banfater, Mrs. (Coll. by) ...	10	0
Boon, Miss ...	1	0
Birch, Mrs. ...	10	0
Buckingham Ladies' Committee, per Miss Pittam ...	1	2
Bowly, Miss ...	2	6
Beebe, Mrs. J. L. ...	16	6
Bates, Mrs. A. ...	2	6
Bazett, Mrs. ...	5	0
Batty, Mrs. A. I. ...	5	0
Bradfield, Miss A. ...	10	0
Boardman, C., Esq. ...	1	1
Brought forward ...	86	11
Bowring, Miss ...	5	0
Boddy, Miss A. E. ...	5	0
Baghdikian, Mr. S. ...	1	0
Barnard, Mrs. ...	5	0
Brown, Rev. W. ...	2	6
Barran, Alfred, Esq., J.P. ...	1	1
Belcher, Miss F. ...	5	0
Banks, Miss ...	2	6
Byas, Hugh, Esq., Coll. by Christian Endeavourers of Takamatsus, Japan ...	1	17
Bowen-Miller, Miss K. ...	20	0
Barnard, Miss ...	20	0
Bedforth, Mrs. ...	2	0
Barclay, Rev. Thomas ...	1	1
Beldam, Mrs. Alfred ...	5	0
Brown, Miss Kate ...	2	6
Ball, Miss E. H. ...	10	0
Bason, Mr. T. ...	10	0
Birkett, Mrs. ...	2	0
Birkett, Mrs., per, from Mrs. Macfadyen ...	5	0
Breary, Miss ...	1	0
Barnard, Mrs. ...	4	0
Beauchlerk, Miss ...	2	0
Barclay, A. P., Esq. ...	5	0
Barnes, Mrs. S. ...	7	0
Brammell, Mrs. ...	5	0
Barber, Miss E. ...	10	0
Balfour, B. R., Esq., per, from Irish Branch F. of A.: The Very Rev. Dean of Armagh ...	2	0
Rev. R. C. Wade ...	2	0
Miss Brabazon ...	3	0
W. H. G., "In memory of my dear Mother" ...	1	0
B. R. Balfour, Esq. ...	5	0
Rev. A. Cooper ...	10	0
"A Friend" ...	5	0
"British Weekly," The, Readers of: Newman, G. ...	1	0
N. C. ...	10	0
A. J. J. ...	2	10
N. W. ...	10	0
S. E. H. ...	1	0
L. S. ...	5	0
E. B. ...	10	0
Goodfellow ...	5	0
Chapman, Mrs. A. G. ...	5	11
Cowan, Mrs. F. ...	3	0
Chitty, Mr. C. W. ...	5	0
Compton, Miss M. E. ...	5	0
Cash, Mrs. S. A. ...	1	0
Cam, The Misses A. & I. ...	2	0
Campbell, Miss M. ...	4	0
Cumming, T. Abbot, Esq. ...	1	13
Colegrave, Miss A. L. ...	1	1
Cripps, Rev. R. S. ...	1	0
Chalcroft, Mrs. ...	1	0
Cartwright, Mr. John ...	10	0
Coombs, Miss E. M. ...	2	0
Creed, Mrs. ...	5	0
Croasdale, Miss M. E. ...	1	0
Clitheroe, Miss A. E. ...	1	0
Clark, Miss ...	10	0
Connell, H. F., Esq. ...	1	0
Connell, Miss ...	10	0
Cox, W., Esq. ...	5	0
Carrington, W. E., Esq., J.P. ...	1	1
Clarke, Mr. A. W. ...	1	0
Collins, Miss J. E. ...	1	0
Clibborn, Miss A. ...	2	0
Crawford, Miss H. J., per, from Mrs. Crawford ...	5	0
Chase, Miss M. L. ...	5	0

Carried forward £86 11 10

Carried forward £202 18 2

Brought forward				Brought forward				Brought forward			
£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	
202	18	2		522	19	2		593	9	10	
Crane, Mrs.	2	Footo, W. R., Esq. ...	1	15	0	Holtaway, Miss	2	8
Clifden, The Viscount ...	5	5	0	Foster, Mrs.	15	0	Hunt, W. S., Esq.	10	0
Commin, Miss C.	10	0	Field, Miss	3	6	Hitch, E., Esq.	2	0
Craig, A. W., Esq.	2	6	Field, Miss A. S.	6	6	Harvey, Miss	1	0
Cottenden, Mrs. F.	10	0	Friends' Emergency and War	Hutchinson, Mrs.	5	0
Connell, Mrs. J.	3	6	Victims' Relief Committee,	"Inasmuch"	10	0
Cosson, Esq., G. ...	1	1	0	being contribution received	Ives, Miss	4	0
Chapman, Mrs. A. G.	5	0	for work in Armenia ...	1	4	0	Ince, The Misses	1	0
Christie, Miss	10	0	"From a Friend" (Delbany)	...	9	0	Inman, Mrs.	1	0
Christie, Miss M.	5	0	Fox, Dr. Kingston	10	0	Irving, Mr. T.	5	0
"Christian, The," Readers of	13	5	6	Forbes, Miss M. C.	5	0	Jennings, D. M., Esq.	1	0
Clark, Esq., Roger, per, being	Ferens, Mr. A.	10	0	James, Miss	4	0
Collection at Friends' Meet-	Francis, Mrs. E.	1	0	Jagoe, John S., Esq.	1	0
ing Street ...	8	2	6	Fildes, Mr. Alfred	10	0	"J. W. H." (Preston)	10	0
"Church Family Newspaper,"	Greenwood, Mr. A.	10	0	Joyce, Miss J. N.	2	6
Readers of, per The Editor	1	5	0	Gault, Miss M. H.	1	0	J. J. (Preston)	2	0
Cairns, Esq., Alex.	1	10	Garland, Miss	10	0	Johnson, Miss C. M.	10	0
Diprose, Mrs.	2	2	Gregory, Mr. Edwin	10	0	Jones, Mr. D.	5	0
"Devoir" (Warwick)	1	0	Gillingsgate Mission, Kendal,	Jones, Miss E. M.	10	0
Dickins, Mrs. J. P.	10	Women's Class ...	3	11	0	Jesson, Miss Mercy	10	0
Dell, Miss	1	10	Greenhood, Miss M.	5	0	Jolliffe, Mr. A. W.	5	0
Drury, Mr. C. M.	1	0	Guthrie, Mr. Patrick	10	0	Jones, Mr. O. W.	10	0
Dorking Y.W.C.A., from	Gray, Miss	1	0	Joyce, Mrs. (Donation)	5	0
Members, per Miss E. M.	Green, Mrs. and Friend	10	0	Joyce, Mrs. (Subscription)	...	1	0
Todman	13	6	Grosvenor, Miss M. C.	2	0	Jenkins, Alfred T., Esq.	1	0
Dickenson, Mr. J. W.	2	9	Gibbins, Miss L.	4	15	Jamieson, Miss Mary M.	3	0
Dewar, Chas., Esq.	10	0	G.F.S. Members, Macclesfield,	Kipling-Cox, Mrs.	2	6
Davey, The Lady	1	1	per Mrs. M. Stevens	1	0	Kenward, Mrs.	1	0
Dowding, Miss E.	2	0	Gurney, Miss Ellen	1	0	Keswick Convention Sale (Sale
Dickson, Miss A. M.	5	0	Gordon, Mrs. John	2	0	of Books and Gifts from
Daubeny, Miss M. A.	10	0	Goddard, Miss H.	5	0	friends at Ke-wick)	7	8
Davies, Mr. & Mrs. F.	2	6	Goodbody, Mrs. E.	10	0	Kirk, Miss	1	0
Dobbs, Col. G. C.	1	0	Giles, Miss E.	10	0	Knox, Rev. W. F.	1	0
Dickie, Rev. J. W. T.	2	6	Greene, Mrs. S. F.	1	0	King, James, Esq.	10	0
Dean, Frank, Esq.	2	0	Griffiths, Mrs. V.	10	0	Kirkpatrick, E., Esq.	15	0
Derry, Miss A. K.	10	0	Gordon, Mrs.	1	10	Keswick Convention, per
Duncan, Mrs. A. B.	5	0	Goodbody, Mrs. L. R.	1	0	Walter B. Sloan, Esq., being
Darling, Miss I.	1	0	Gilder, Mrs. R.	1	0	amount contributed at,	15	0
Dowson, Mrs. G. S.	1	0	Gordon, Miss M.	5	0	Knott, Rev. P. T. P.	5	0
Dadley, The Misses	1	0	Gibbens, Mrs. and Miss (Coll.	Kenny, Mrs. A.	2	0
Eaton, Mrs. E.	1	0	by)	10	0	Keery, Miss E.	1	0
Ellis, Mr. and Mrs. G. C.	10	0	Grubbe, Miss C. A.	10	0	Kay, Miss I. M.	5	0
Everett, Mrs. F. L.	1	9	Gregg, Mrs. (Sale of Plants)...	...	1	8	Ker, Miss	10	0
Elliott, Miss F. M.	2	6	Green, Mrs. A.	5	0	Kift, Miss G. C.	1	0
E. E. M.	1	0	Garvey, Esq., John, D.L.,	Lefroy, Mrs.	1	0
Edgar, Mr. S. A.	5	0	O.B.E.	1	0	Linnemann, Mrs. F. C.	1	0
Edmonds, Mr.	5	0	Henry, Miss Eva G.	10	0	Lancaster, Miss M.	5	0
Edgar, C. G., Esq.	10	0	Hedger, Mr. G. A.	1	0	Low, Miss M.	10	0
Ellison, Miss	1	0	Haywood, The Misses E. K.	Lees, Miss Amy	3	0
Edwards, Miss I. S.	6	0	and A. W.	2	0	Larkin, Miss N.	1	0
Earnshaw, Miss	1	0	Harper, Miss M.	10	0	Lewis, Mrs. C.	10	0
Elliott, Miss N.	2	6	Henderson, Nurse M. F.	10	0	Livingstone, D., Esq.	10	0
Francis, Mrs. S. J.	1	0	H. D.	10	0	Lyon, Lady Maud	1	1
Fountain, Miss J.	7	6	Hickson, Mrs. M.	5	0	Lavery, Mr. T. R.	5	0
Foster, Miss L. E.	7	0	Holder, Mrs. F. J.	10	0	Leighton, Miss M. A.	5	0
"F. 27"	1	5	Hurring, S/Sgt. A., C.A.M.C.	...	4	2	Latimer, Miss Mary	10	0
Foster, Mrs.	10	0	Hancox, Mr. W.	4	0	Latham, F. L., Esq.	10	0
Fraser, Mrs. S. A.	2	0	Harper, Mr. J. P.	5	0	"L. P."	1	0
Farmer, Miss	5	0	Hughes, Mrs. A.	5	0	Lawry, J. W., Esq.	2	0
Fry, The Misses L. & E.	4	0	Heyes, Rev. J. F.	2	6	Leah, R., Esq.	2	2
Fisk, Miss S., per "Thank-	Hinton, Mrs.	1	0	"L. M. W. S."	2	0
offering from Two Friends	5	0	0	Hay, Miss J. M.	1	0	Love, Mrs. John	10	0
Forbes, Miss E. A.	2	0	Hope, Mrs. M.	10	0	Law, W. M., Esq.	1	1
"Friends of Armenia Fund,"	Hilton, Nurse Emily	2	6	Longbottom, Miss G.	4	0
Melbourne, per Sir Peter	Hayes, Miss S. S.	2	0	Lyttleton, The Hon. Rev. A. V.	...	1	0
McBride ...	200	0	0	H. (Ballynahinch)	5	0	Lowe, Mrs. A. and Mrs. W.
Foster, Miss C.	5	0	"H. L." (Smethwick)	3	6	Lowe	1	0
Ferguson, Miss E. G., per:	Hayward, Mrs. G.	2	6	Luttrell, Geo. G., Esq.	1	0
Miss Patterson	9	0	Harris, Mr. K.	5	0	Lamb, Esq., John	10	0
Miss Stoddart	2	6	Halewood, Mrs. M.	2	6	Lutyens, Mrs.	18	0
Miss Crozier	1	0	Harrison, Miss C.	10	0	Matthew, Rev. A. G.	1	0
Mr. Haining	2	0	Harvey, Mr. Edmund	2	6	Minchin, Mrs.	5	0
Two Friends	9	0	Heritage, Miss E.	2	6	Morton, Miss M.	10	0
	...	15	3	Harris, Arthur, Esq.	1	0	Mainland, Mr. W.	2	6
Faure, Rev. and Mrs. A.	5	0	Hogarth, Miss L.	5	0	Maynard, Miss Jane	1	0
Fenemore, Mrs. C. E.	5	0	Hall, R., Esq.	2	0	Mason, Mrs. M.	1	0
Flemon, Miss	6	0	Heap, Charles, Esq.	5	0	McHenry, Miss S. M.	1	0
"Friend"	1	0	Henderson, Miss E. M.	5	0	McCormack, Mr. Robert	...	1	1
"For Armenia"	1	0		Mullin, Mrs. and Miss	...	2	0
Filsell, Miss M.	1	0		Marston, Mr. R. W.	2	0

Carried forward £522 19 2

Carried forward £593 9 10

Carried forward £738 8 9

Brought forward				£	s.	d.	Brought forward				£	s.	d.	Brought forward				£	s.	d.																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																	
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Macmillan, Rev. John, "per (Coll. by), from Irish Branch F. of A. ...	17	0	0	Miller, Dr. and Mrs. Crichton and Children ...	1	0	0	Marsden, Mrs. ...	1	0	0	M. L. S. ...	5	0	0	Miles, J., Esq. ...	1	0	0	Macready, Miss M. ...	2	10	0	"Mite" ...	1	0	0	Meers, Miss ...	10	0	0	Mudie, Miss ...	1	0	0	Marshall, Mr. Thos. ...	30	0	0	Maturin, Deaconess ...	2	9	0	Marriage, Mrs. M. ...	1	1	0	Meats, Mrs. T. M. ...	1	0	0	Marsden, Herbert J., Esq. ...	10	0	0	McKeown, Mrs. J. ...	1	0	0	McLaren, Mrs. ...	5	0	0	"M. H. B." ...	1	0	0	Massy, Rev. C. H. ...	2	6	0	Minchin, Miss M. ...	7	0	0	Mason, Mrs. ...	1	1	0	Meredith, Miss E. A. ...	2	2	0	Milliken, Miss M. E. ...	5	0	0	Moore, Mrs. S. F. ...	7	0	0	Moreland, Miss E. ...	1	10	0	Mortlock, Mrs. K. ...	2	6	0	Mable, Miss ...	5	0	0	Meyer, Mrs. H. W. ...	1	0	0	"Morning Star," Readers of the ...	5	0	0	Mort, Mrs. ...	10	0	0	Moulton, Mr. Fiddian (Coll. from Friends at Beeley) ...	1	6	0	Madill, Mr. J., per Derry Auxiliary Irish Branch F. of A.:				Robert Thompson ...	2	0	0	Robert Gamble ...	4	0	0	James Rankin ...	4	0	0	Miss Dale ...	5	0	0	S. W. Crawford... 1	0	0	W. Abraham ...	10	0	0	Dr. Law ...	1	0	0	A. J. Crawford, J.P. ...	10	0	0	S. Scott ...	2	6	0	The White House ...	2	6	0	R. Woodrow ...	2	0	0	R. A. Chalmers ...	2	6	0	Miss Reynolds ...	5	0	0	W. Baggs ...	5	0	0	J. Wilkinson ...	2	6	0	D. McNeil ...	5	0	0	J. Torrens ...	3	0	0	Robert Fulton ...	2	6	0	J. Magee ...	1	0	0	Mrs. McCurdy ...	5	0	0	Miss Steele ...	2	0	0	J. Taggart ...	2	6	0	H. Harbinson ...	2	6	0	J. Dixon ...	2	6	0	Mrs. J. Fulerton... 10	0	0	Mrs. G. Fulerton... 5	0	0	W. J. Dunlop ...	1	0	0	An Ex-soldier ...	1	0	0	Mrs. Mitchell ...	5	0	0	Mrs. J. L. Taggart ...	10	0	0	J. H. Wilson ...	5	0	0	Miss Magee ...	1	6	0	R. King ...	2	6	0	Bryce & Weston... 5	0	0	A. Mills ...	2	6	0	Robert McDermott ...	2	6	0	Mrs. Raulston ...	4	0	0	R. Neilly ...	5	0	0	James Galbraith ...	5	0	0	Thomas Ferguson ...	3	6	0	R. Willman ...	5	0	0	S. W. Kennedy ...	5	0	0	D. R. Roberts ...	2	6	0	D. C. Osborne ...	5	0	0	A Friend, D.L. ...	1	0	0	W. T. Dunlop ...	10	0	0	James Smith ...	2	6	0	James Sheils ...	5	0	0	John A. Shields ...	2	6	0	C. C. Ross (Solici- tor) ...	5	0	0	Mathew Chambers ...	2	6	0	D. A. Mooney ...	1	0	0	S. McLean ...	10	0	0	Neild, Dr. ...	1	0	0	Nuttall, Miss ...	5	0	0	Napier-Clavering, Mrs. H. P. ...	2	2	0	Nicholson, Mrs. A. E. ...	8	6	0	Notcutt, Miss J. ...	10	0	0	Naish, Mrs. ...	5	0	0	Nash, Mr. and Mrs. F. G. ...	3	0	0	Owens, Mr. H. ...	1	0	0	Overend, Mr. ...	10	0	0	Olly, Mrs. J. ...	10	0	0	Owens, Miss Hannah ...	2	0	0	"One who will not forget" ...	3	6	0	Owens, Miss M. ...	16	9	0	Orchard, Esq., H. B. ...	2	10	0	Prethey, Mr. G. ...	2	6	0	Praten, Mr. L. ...	5	0	0	Parry, Mr. Alfred ...	10	0	0	Potts, Mr. D. E. ...	2	6	0	Packer, Miss H. ...	1	0	0	Paul, The Misses ...	10	0	0	Pim, Arthur, Esq. ...	2	0	0	Pennefather, F. W., Esq. ...	10	0	0	P. O. and L. G. ...	3	6	0	Panther, Mr. S. H. ...	1	0	0	Patmore, Mrs. ...	1	0	0	Porter, Mrs. A. ...	5	0	0	Phillips, John, Esq. ...	1	0	0	Peard, Miss F. M. ...	2	0	0	Puttick, Mrs. E. S. ...	1	0	0	Proudfoot, Miss I. ...	5	0	0	Peart, Richard, Esq. ...	2	2	0	Prior, Mrs. E. ...	1	2	0	Parkinson, Mr. B. R. ...	10	0	0	Philo, Mr. and Mrs. J. ...	1	0	0	Powell, Miss E. ...	1	0	0	Page, Pastor Alfred, per, from Two Friends ...	1	10	0	Paterson, Mrs. ...	1	1	0	Packer, Miss H. ...	2	5	0	Pearson, Esq., Thomas ...	5	0	0	Phillips, Miss F. ...	5	0	0	Quarmby, Mr. J. W. ...	10	0	0	Rust, Mr. R. ...	10	0	0	Reali, Mrs. C. E. ...	1	0	0	Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. and Friend ...	10	0	0	Rice, Mrs. A. ...	5	0	0	Ramskir, Mr. and Mrs. W. ...	10	0	0	Rimmer and Lewis, Messrs... 4	0	0	Rohan, P., Esq. ...	10	0	0	Rusby, Miss Mary E. ...	2	6	0	Robbie, Mrs. E. ...	5	0	0	Rowling, Mrs. J. ...	5	0	0	Russell, Mrs., per (Coll. at Wesleyan Chapel, Ryde) ...	1	10	0	Roberts, Mrs. I. S. ...	10	0	0	Robinson, Mrs. G. ...	10	0	0	Robson, Miss ...	10	0	0	Rodwell, H. W., Esq. ...	1	0	0	Richardson, Mrs. James ...	1	0	0	Robertson, The Misses ...	15	0	0	Rosemain, Mr. Joseph ...	10	0	0	Robertson, Miss ...	5	0	0	Rigby, Mr. J. H. ...	10	0	0	Rankin, Duncan, Esq. ...	5	5	0	Randle, Miss ...	2	6	0	Robertson, Miss Jessie ...	3	0	0	Reynard, W., Esq. ...	1	0	0	Riley, The Misses M. & S. ...	6	0	0	Rea, Mr. W. R. ...	1	0	0	Robbie, Mrs. E. ...	5	0	0	"Record, The," Readers of ...	2	7	0	Smith, The Misses ...	3	6	0	Scott, Miss Catherine ...	2	0	0	Skeet, Mr. Henry ...	7	0	0	Somerville Large, Rev. Canon W. ...	1	1	0	Stiles, Miss E. 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Tyler, Miss R. ...	2	6	Weish, Miss G. A. ...	10	0	Westrope, Miss M. ...	1	0
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(Concluded from page 19.)

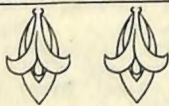
several hours in the harbour here. Over two hundred of them had nothing but the clothing on their backs. A large barge containing their few earthly possessions was sunk in the harbour at Mersine. They claim that the Turkish boatmen sunk it purposely. We were glad to be able to help them a little in answer to their pitiful appeal. These refugees were bound for Constantinople, and from there were to be sent on to Armenia, but one cannot help but wonder how many of them will ever reach their destination.

I feel that I am in a better condition to sympathise, and extend a real hand of helpfulness to the Armenian nation since our thrilling experience at Hadjin. I, too, have lost my little all, saving only a small amount of clothing that I was able to pick up and hurriedly stuff

into my saddle bag, before our tragic flight over the bullet-swept battlefield.

Dr. and Mrs. Eby, my co-workers, owing to health reasons, have recently sailed for America, and I am left here alone, and yet not alone, for the missionaries' special promise "Lo, I am with you always" has never been more real. I am happy in the consciousness that I am filling the place that God would have me fill for the present, and my little all is still at His feet for service or sacrifice. Letters from the Homeland will be appreciated more than ever now. Trusting that you will hold the ropes as we go down.

I remain,
Yours in the Master's service,
KATHERINE BREDEMUS.



A Subscriber to the "Friends of Armenia" Relief Funds has kindly promised to send all profits for our work accruing from orders received for the following : --

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